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MARCELLA SEMBRICH.

THE artist whose picture graces this page is a musician of varied talents. She is one of the foremost *sopranis* in the world, an excellent pianist, and a violinist of no mean attainments. She is the wife of Prof. Wm. Stengel, and her maiden name was Marcelline Kockanski. Her stage name, however, is not altogether assumed,

as it is that of her mother's family. She was born at Wisnewezky, a small Galician town, on the 15th of February, 1858. Her father, Casimir Kockanski was a musical genius in his way. His love for music amounted almost to a monomania. He was poor, and his parents had not been able to give him a musical education, but, alone and unaided, save by the love of music which the Creator had implanted in his soul, he mastered music, the violin, the piano and other instruments. Too poor to buy a piano, he, with his own hands, carved a keyboard out of pieces of wood and on this instrument got a fair mastery of piano technique. He made the teaching of music his profession, and by dint of hard and constant work managed to support his family decently. At the early age of four, Marcelline was put at the piano, and at six the violin was placed into her hands, not as a matter of play, but hard work, under her father, who was a hard task-master, harder perhaps than he meant to be, for music to him was a passion; he never wearied of it, and hardly knew what hardship it was for the little girl to be awakened from her slumbers at midnight to accompany him on the piano, when he took a sudden notion to play on the violin in the "wee sma' hours." When Marcelline was twelve years old, she was taken by a friend of the family to the conservatory of Léopol to try her hand at the piano before its director. The latter did not seem to think much of her talent, and the friend in question then went to a young teacher of the piano with his little *protégée*. This teacher, who was no other than Mr. Wm. Stengel, who seven years later became Mme. Sembrich's husband, recognized her great talents and undertook her further musical education. Four years she studied with him, then he sent her, at his expense, to Vienna, where she studied under Epstein. It was he who first discovered the great beauty of her voice, and counseled her to devote herself to its cultivation. This advice she followed and two years later made her *début* at Athens, in *I Puritani*, achieving a perfect triumph. Since then she has sung with unflagging success in Milan, London, Warsaw, St. Petersburg, Moscow and Madrid. She is now one of the *sopranis* of Mr. Abbey's large and excellent troupe, and is winning fresh laurels in the New World.

ABOUT SOME FAMOUS COMPOSERS.

Bellini, while composing, ate candies and cakes, probably to keep him at the proper pitch of sweetness for his work. His sweet life came to an untimely end through intemperance.

Auber, while improvising at his piano, always noted down melodies that occurred to him while so engaged. When composing an opera he generally had resource to his material treasured up in

he continually changed and tried to improve. Thus he wrote his operas over nearly one hundred times, until he was satisfied. When composition grew too slow for him, he set his tea-pot upon the stove, and with its merry tune, found that he could proceed faster.

Doni Letli, one of the most profuse composers of opera known to the world, was ever reticent, and derived his inspiration in very peculiar ways. The following incident will illustrate: The good citizens of Bologna had for a long time noticed a pale man walking through the streets of their city, and always stopping before a show window, and fixing his eyes steadfastly on some object in it. For more than two months he repeated this act daily, and was noticed to look at a particular hat continually. The busy people about him thought him some impecunious lover who longed to purchase the head-gear for his sweetheart, but was minus the necessary wealth. His despondency seemed to increase, and when asked at length why he acted so strangely, he replied: "I am looking for the finale of the third act of the Duke of Alba." Whether the finale was hidden under the coveted hat, and Doni Letli was waiting for some one to turn it, is not known. It is sufficient to say that he found it somewhere.

Rossini, in his younger years, wrote notes with wonderful rapidity. When he was in a musical humor, he quickly invited his friends to a dinner. At that time he was as well known for his skill in cooking as for his musical compositions. When the guests were enjoying the product of their host's skill in the highest measure, and the glow of their warm souls was augmented by his excellent wine, the central figure of the occasion quietly stole away and wrote music until he was entirely exhausted. Two or three of such dinners, and an opera was completed.

Later in life he became very indolent, seldom composed, and when he did, it was in bed; but at that time his fame was established.

Meyerbeer, another composer of the present era, the disciple of Beethoven, though never personally acquainted with him, loved to compose in the top-most story of his house, when the wind howled a hurricane, and the storm beat upon the roof and windows. The most beautiful parts of "Les Huguenots," and "Robert le Diable" were written under such circumstances. Berlioz composed in the woods while his wife read to him from Shakespeare.

Liszt goes about his work like a business man, composing a portion of the day, and resting during long intervals. Wagner had satin gowns of various colors which he wore according to the character of the music which he desired to write, red for martial music, pink for love-scenes, etc.



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this way. On a certain occasion, however, an idea occurred to him while riding about the streets of Paris. He rode home furiously, breaking innumerable pieces of crockery while riding through a market. The maledictions and threats of the vendors of these goods had no effect upon him, and together with the demands for compensation, were alike disregarded. To him had just occurred the beautiful market scene in "La Muette de Portici." Halevy is said to have written slowly and deliberately, writing but a few lines a day, and these

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MUSICAL JOURNALS.

MUSICAL journals should be a means of musical education, and therefore should gauge their teachings to the class of people whom they intend to reach. Whom does they usually intend to reach? The great mass of the musical classes; the people of culture who love music for music's sake; who know little and care less about the theories of different schools, although they can appreciate their results. These are the people who, after all, establish the national taste for music, and who look to the musical press for guidance and instruction. How can this instruction best be given? By revering, as if they were *fetishes*, the work of a few masters and repeating on all the tones and semi-tones of the gamut the perfections of a few great works, whose very excellencies often make them unintelligible to any one save those of the highest musical culture? We do not do so in literature. Noble as is Milton's epic of "Paradise Lost," we do not say that no other work can be worthy of study or attention, and still less do we commit the folly of giving it as a first reader to our children and to the youth, or of compelling those who have no taste for its peculiar beauties to hear it and nothing else. The day is past when the literary accumulations of centuries can be consigned to the flames because, "If they are good they are all contained in the Koran and are therefore useless, and if they are bad, they should be burned for being bad," whether that Koran be Mahomet's or Beethoven's. Music is, in one sense, a branch of literature, and as good current literature prepares its readers for the appreciation of the works of deceased masters, so also the good music of the day may serve as an introduction to the classical productions of the past. It is a strange idea of progress, which would stop every printing press because from some of them comes a shower of pestilential literature; but it is no less peculiar a fancy that would stop all publication of new music, and close every music store because of the many worthless productions that are thus given a circulation. We know that music may be good and yet popular, and, so far as we are concerned, we propose to give to our readers nothing which does not combine both of these elements; and we propose to be up with the times by publishing always the best among the very latest compositions. In so doing, we think we shall not only please our readers, but properly fulfill what we believe to be the mission of the musical press, in spreading at once musical intelligence and musical education.

ORIGINALITY.

WHENEVER a new composition is brought to the attention of the musical public, the first question asked, though usually the last settled, is: *Is it original?* There is perhaps no quality which is so strenuously contended for by the admirers of an author, and so persistently denied him by his opponents, as that of originality. Both parties seem to regard imitation as a confession of inferiority, and affirm or deny its existence as if that alone would forever settle the relative excellence of the authors in question. Nor is it to be wondered at that the discussion of this question should prove almost endless, for, as a matter of fact, the most original writer or composer can only be relatively so. A large, indeed the larger part of our tastes, thoughts and knowledge is transmitted to us from those who have preceded us; and if we said nothing, wrote nothing, composed nothing, some part of which at least had not been said, written or composed by others before, speech, writing and composition would soon be numbered among the lost arts. There is in the human mind and in human thought a solidarity which runs through all nations, and ages and from this there results a unity in art and in literature, which, though it lessens the possibilities of originality, makes true art to speak an universal tongue, and thus adds much to its influence and greatness. In music as in other things, it is neither possible nor desirable that we should free ourselves from the influence of those who have gone before. The musical language which the great masters have used is the existing language of musical art, and from that as a basis subsequent composers must necessarily start, however much they may afterwards enrich its vocabulary.

It is a mistake to think that imitation is a confession of inferiority. The Grecian temple had as its original the log buildings which the primitive inhabitants of Hellas used to construct. Year after year, the ancient Greeks imitated, but in imitating improved their log cabins, until in their stead there stood forth such structures as the Parthenon, the glory of architecture. And right here is the distinction between that imitation which is a confession of inferiority, and that which, on the contrary, is an assertion and a proof of superiority, that in the first case the imitation is inferior to the original, while in the latter it is its superior. In the latter case indeed, we lose sight of the chronological order of the productions, and the later seems the original; the old has been absorbed and recreated in new beauty, and the new beauty makes us forget the old material. These are true and brave words of Lowell:

"Though old the thought and oft express,
'Tis his at last who says it best—
I'll try my fortune with the rest."

A more or less erratic talent explores new paths to eminence; it seeks out the strange in order to obtain the striking; but genius, conscious of its own powers, disdains to turn aside because others have gone before, and only thinks of surpassing its predecessors, well knowing that if it be first in rank, few will care whether it was first in time.

THE PRACTICAL MAN.

NEXT to the blind worshipper of the past, "*laudator temporis acti*," the most disagreeable member of modern society is certainly he who, upon every conceivable occasion, announces himself as the "practical man." As vain as superficial, as superficial as vain, a fool by nature, an optimist by habit, he ever assures you that "This is a practical age!" and gives you to understand that as an exponent and representative of his age, he stands

head and shoulders above his fellows, who have not yet learned to repeat, parrot-like, the same oracular statement. If you ask him what he calls practical, he will reply, "The useful!" If you then ask him what he calls useful, and he condescends to enlighten you at all, he will soon convince you that he means the materially useful. That which cannot be converted into dollars or creature comforts is for him impractical. Mathematics, as far as it enables him to compute interest on his investments, is practical and worthy of his attention, but its application to the purpose of higher astronomy is impractical, useless and visionary; metaphysics cannot claim his attention for one moment; literature is a waste of precious time, and the fine arts might have been well enough for the old Greeks and Romans, but can find no favor with a superior being, such as he thinks himself to be.

Sometimes, alas! he is a "musician." In that case, he is pretty sure to be a "professor of music," who, although believing in his inmost soul that music is not one of the practical things of life, and feeling almost ashamed of having adopted it as his profession, consoles himself with the thought that it is practical *as to him*, since it brings him some income. Music is to him a trade, a means of making a livelihood, and nothing more; for him the fires of artistic inspiration do not glow; his compositions are seldom unfavorably criticised—he rarely composes; but when, led on by the delusive hope of gain, he attempts composition, his song has no wings—it is, like himself, "of the earth, earthy." Upon the other hand, he knows that, in his position he must make a show of learning, and he is ever ready to tear to pieces the work of his less eminently "practical" brethren, for he is indeed "a man wise in his own conceit," and therefore "there is more hope of a fool than of him." If it were not for this fact, it would be an easy matter to show him that the things which he contemns as visionary seem such to him only because he occupies a low plane of thought, and is unable to rise to the height of their importance. But let him go; say nothing to him about the superiority of spirit over matter; do not trouble him with ethics, æsthetics, or any similar matters, for when you have done he will quietly inform you that you can't teach him anything; that he has long since settled these questions for himself and for you also, if only you would confide in his superior wisdom as a "practical man," and you will realize that you have been "casting pearls before swine."

We have been frequently asked recently which of the two companies, Mapleson's or Abbey's, is the better. Both are undoubtedly fine, but, from the best sources of information at hand, we think it must be admitted that Mapleson has the better troupe, and to those of our readers who cannot afford to patronize both companies extensively we should advise the preference of Mapleson. This is a matter in which we should not let nationality influence us. Experience counts for a good deal in operatic management and that Mapleson the Englishman has while Abbey the American has not. It is probably true that Abbey's troupe is, as claimed, the more expensive, but it is equally true that Mapleson's position and experience enables him to make a dollar in his hands go as far as two in his rival's. It is no secret that much of the money expended by Mr. Abbey in salaries, was in the nature of bribes to artists who had already signed with Col. Mapleson, and therefore does not represent the true value of the artists engaged. Abbey's questionable transaction with Mapleson's artists are of a nature to alienate from him the good will of those who believe in honesty as honesty and not merely as policy.

ADELINA PATTI.

ADELINA PATTI, a very full biographical sketch of whom we published in our issue of January, 1882, is now the "star" of the Mapleson Opera Troupe. She was born at Madrid, Spain, February 19th, 1843. Her parents removed to the United States when she was but five years old. She made her *début* in Tripler Hall, New York, under her brother-in-law Maurice Strakosch, in *Lucia*, on Nov. 24th, 1859, when she was only about sixteen years of age. She is regarded by many as the greatest soprano living—she is certainly an excellent singer, especially of *fioriture*.

A LEAP-YEAR EPISODE.

Can I forget that winter night
In eighteen eighty-four,
When Nellie, charming little sprite,
Came tapping at the door?
"Good-evening, miss," I blushing said,
For in my heart I knew—
And, knowing, hung my pretty head—
That Nellie came to woo.

She clasped my old, red hand, and fell
Adown upon her knees,
And cried, "You know I love you well,
So be my husband, please!"
And then she swore she'd ever be
A tender wife and true—
Ah, what delight it was to me
That Nellie came to woo!

She'd lace my shoes and darn my hose
And mend my shirts, she said,
And grease my comely Roman nose
Each night on going to bed;
She'd build the fires and fetch the coal,
And split the kindling too—
Love's perjuries o'erwhelmed her soul
When Nellie came to woo.

And as I, blushing, gave no check
To her advances rash,
She twined her arms about my neck,
And toyed with my mustache;
And then she pleaded for a kiss,
While I—what could I do
But coyly yield to that bliss
When Nellie came to woo?

I am engaged, and proudly wear
A gorgeous diamond ring,
And I shall wed my lover fair
Some time in gentle spring,
I face my doom without a sigh—
And so, forsooth, would you,
If you but loved as fond as I,
And Nellie came to woo.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE SINGERS' OFFERING.

IN view of the recent death of Mario the famous Italian tenor, we have thought it appropriate to reproduce from our own columns of some four or five years ago, the charming sketch "The Singers' Offering," from the prolific and graceful pen of our good friend Count A. de Vervins.

Ville-Jossy is a large burgh of Touraine, which one sees lazily sleeping upon the river bank when one goes down the Loire, from Blois to Tours. Its white, vine-covered cottages, with their green blinds and red roofs, the hills against which they seem to lean, from the midst of which spring forth the elegant turrets of a *château* in the style of the *renaissance*, or the terrace of an Italian villa, and the vineyards which cling to the neighboring hill-sides—in a word, everything around it, gives it an air of comfort and makes it one of the prettiest burghs which can be found, even in that charming country, which has been justly called "The Garden of France." But to tell the whole truth, I must add that Ville-Jossy presents this enchanting aspect only when the sun is radiant, when beneath its bright beams the river rolls in silver waves, when the green trees are full of twittering birds and love-built nest, when the eglantine blossoms upon every hedge, and when, through the half-open window, or beneath the partially raised curtain, one catches a glimpse of some beautiful maiden

actively engaged in her modest household work. But when it rains, when the ditches along the road from Tours to Ville-Jossy overflow with muddy water, when the distracted trees bend and creak beneath the efforts of the wind, when the little birds are cold in their nests under the outspread wings of their mother, and when all the windows are closed, I assure you that Ville-Jossy is not a cheerful place.

Now, the story which I am about to tell you opens on just such a day as that. Until noon the weather had been splendid, but all at once the sky had become clouded, a warm wind had sprung up from the east, piling up the black clouds above the burgh, the villas, the hills, and the road of Tours. Then the storm-king lifted up his voice and began to reprove the elements and to batter with the numerous discharges of his lightning artillery the clouds which had pretended to eclipse the light of the sun. At last, frightened by the thunder, beaten with the strokes of lightning, the clouds began to

haughtiness; his beautiful eyes shone like two black diamonds, and beneath his abundant hair, which curled naturally and had the hue of the raven's wing, his complexion, of that warm paleness which the Italians call *morbidezza* in the arts, revealed a Southern origin. Both were dressed with that careless elegance which is characteristic of good breeding; but just now our two travelers were in a pitiful state, and one must have been a woman or a thorough man of the world, to discern and recognize all the personal excellences which we have just enumerated, beneath the coat of slime and the splashes of mud which covered them.

"We will melt before we get there!" said suddenly the younger of the two.

"Especially," replied the other, "since we must have taken the wrong road! We ought to have turned to the right, surely!"

"What is this metropolis of which I catch a glimpse yonder?" replied the young man, trembling lest his companion should be right.

"That must be Blois," said the large man gravely. "Since the distance between Blois and Tours is only one hundred and eighty miles, we must be pretty near it, considering the time when we left Tours; but we'll soon find out, for I hear a carriage." He stopped and slowly turned around, for he had to carry two small mountains of clay, which though they were not as high as the Himalaya, were painfully heavy, and they awaited the approach of the gig drawn by a vigorous nag.

"*Per Baccho!* It's a priest!" said he as soon as he was able to distinguish the driver of the vehicle.

"Just the thing for you, *Mastro di Capella*," replied his young companion. "As church people, you will understand each other, and he will forthwith drive us to the baroness' in his old shay—Come now, Luigi, be eloquent and persuasive!"

"Are you crazy?" answered Luigi; "if I talk of getting into his carriage, seeing us in this plight, the good man will think that we intend to murder him; he will lay the whip with all his might upon his Bucephalus, and we will not even get the information we wish to obtain." They were still talking this nonsense when the buggy caught up with them and stopped.

"What do you wish gentlemen?" obligingly asked a white-haired and benevolent-looking priest.

Luigi composed himself, that is to say, suddenly lost the half smiling half jeering air which he had when alone with his friend, and bowing with exquisite grace, he said: "Father, please excuse us for stopping you on this road in this horrible weather, but my friend the Marquis de Candia, and I are going to the *château de Nangis*."

"Why, you are more than nine miles from it!" interrupted the good priest in a genuine tone of regret.

Still, the two travelers looked at him with so piteous an air, that, notwithstanding his charity, the good priest had to laugh.

"Well," said Luigi, "we are in a nice fix! I'd rather be murdered than walk nine miles more!"

"And what a condition we are in!" said the marquis, casting a sorrowful glance upon his muddy boots, his pantaloons that looked like corkscrews, and the sleeves of his coat which yet dripped with rain and dyed his cuffs.

"The fact is that we are not in court dress," said the other earnestly—"and," after a moment of silence, during which the priest, leaning upon the apron of his gig, kindly gazed upon them—"the best thing we can do is to go back to Tours!"

"Why, you know very well that we have sent our trunks to the *château de Nangis*!"

"Come," said the priest, who thought it cruel to prolong their anguish, "we can arrange all that, gentlemen."

And he added, as he let down the apron of his



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weep, and so bitterly that the oldest citizens of Ville-Jossy declared that since the deluge no such a rain had ever been seen. Was I not right in calling them "oldest citizens?"

Luckily for mankind, however, this new deluge lasted forty minutes and not forty days; for in our days everything degenerates and dwindles—men as well as things. Still, this was enough to thoroughly soak two travelers whom I will now introduce to you.

The one was a man of some fifty years of age, very tall and corpulent, though all his motions were graceful to a degree hardly ever found among very large men. He had a magnificent head, and he carried it in the style of Danton or Mirabeau, and the nobility of his features, the pride of his gaze had often caused him to be compared to the Olympian Jove. His companion was much younger and not so large. He was thirty years of age, but looked not over from twenty-three to twenty-five. A long black mustache shadowed an exquisite mouth, whose outlines expressed something of

buggy; "If you will do me the honor of accepting my humble hospitality, in a quarter of an hour we shall be at the parsonage. There you will dry yourselves, you will rest, I shall send to the *château de Nangis* for your baggage, and to-morrow"—

"Upon my word, Father," said the marquis, "you are really doing a good deed, and, at the risk of being indiscreet, I accept with pleasure."

"As for me, I have but one fear!" said Luigi, very seriously.

"What is that?" asked the priest.

"It is that your horse will not be able to draw all three of us, if I get in."

When they arrived at the parsonage, the priest's servant was standing in the door. The good-natured girl came out to hold the horse, and without noticing the strangers, whom she seemed not to see, she said, with an expression of real anxiety: "Father, did you get the five thousand francs?"

"No!" answered the priest laconically, calling her attention to his guests by a glance.

But she paid no attention to it, and said: "Alas, alas, what shall we do? The builder came again to-day."

"All right," interrupted the priest, "all right, Jane, see that the buggy is taken in, and send me the sexton with his carryall; he must go immediately to the *château de Nangis*, and then, he added, pointing to the strangers who had just alighted, "you will cook us a good dinner, for since these gentlemen have done me the honor of accepting my hospitality until to-morrow, they must not regret it. I leave that to you Jane."

Jane, notwithstanding her forty-eight years, blushed scarlet as she looked at the strangers, to whom she courtesied, as they followed the aged priest into the parsonage.

The curate of Ville-Jossy had just shown his guests to their room, where Jane had already lighted a large fire of vine-boughs, when he was told that the sexton was at the door with his carryall, awaiting his orders. The marquis wrote a word to the Baroness de Nangis at whose *château* he and his friend Luigi were going to spend a few weeks, and gave it to the priest, who left them to give his instructions to his messenger.

When they were alone: "That priest is a capital fellow!" said the marquis taking off his coat, while Luigi blew like a porpoise as he pulled and tugged at his boots, which would not come off.

"Yes" answered he, after having heaved a sigh of relief just as the boot concluded to obey.

"I think he is troubled about something," said the marquis, holding his coat out towards the large clear flame which filled the fire-place.

"On account of the five thousand francs—the old maid was talking about," said Luigi, between two tugs at the second boot, which was still more stubborn than the first.

"What if we should give him those five thousand francs?"

Luigi stopped short, although his boot was only half off, and, with his eyes as round as lotto balls, he said to his friend: "Have you five thousand francs? What! We come out here into the seclusion of Touraine to see the baroness, of course, but also for the sake of economy; and you want to give five thousand francs to that priest, whom you have known scarcely half an hour!"

"Luigi, you are ungrateful! If he had asked you for five thousand francs before he picked you up on the road, you would have promised them to him to be carried no matter where."

"I should not have promised them, because I haven't them," answered Luigi, pouncing with renewed vigor upon his boot, "but the fact is that if I had them—that if I had them—I wouldn't give a continental!"—Fluff! the boot was off.

"Well, I have an idea of my own!"

"Ah! if you have an idea of your own, it's a different thing," said Luigi, laughing and spreading himself before the fire.

"But I should like to know what for. The servant spoke of a builder—this old priest has surely not had a *château* built—it must be for his church."

"Bah! what's the good of trying to find out? We know that he needs the money, and if I had the five thousand francs, that would be enough for me; but as I haven't, nor you either, it seems to me that all your investigations or shrewd endeavors to find out a thing which does not concern you would be simply indiscreet—Still, we are better off here than the road," added he, in order to give a different turn to the conversation.

But the marquis again said: "I have an idea of my own: we shall see."

During the dinner, the priest, notwithstanding his efforts to conceal it, was preoccupied, and Jane was sad in spite of her bustling about the guests.

When the servant brought the cheese and the

fruit, the marquis rested both his elbows on the table, and suddenly said to the priest: "You need five thousand francs, Father?"

"Why, yes—indeed"—stammered the priest, who grew very red and seemed quite taken aback by the bluntness of his guest.

"But do you need them very much?" continued the marquis.

"Does he need them very much, Holy Mother!" cried Jane. "Why, for the last two weeks the poor dear man has lost his sleep over it. When I bring him his coffee, he lets it get cold and remains there by the half hour looking at his cup. Does he need them!—Ah!" and Jane raised the corner of her apron to her eyes.

"Come, Jane, you are an indiscreet woman; keep still!" said the priest in a tone which he tried to make severe.

"Well, my dear Father, we will give them you to-morrow."

"But,"—said the priest, more and more bewildered.

"But," repeated the marquis, "to-morrow, just after mass, I shall hand you the five thousand francs."

"Why, you do not belong to the parish, Marquis, and there is no reason why you should make this enormous gift. It is for the church; it is but right that the wealthy should give to the poor, to build a house of prayer, but you are a stranger here!"—

The marquis answered the remarks of the priest only by the question: "Are there many *châteaux* in the neighborhood?"

"Why, yes; and to-morrow you will see at high mass an attendance which will remind you of St. Roch or the Madeleine of Paris; for during the whole summer, the fine ladies of those churches are rusticated, and few sections of the country have as much aristocracy as our neighborhood—then there are the invited guests, the friends who, like you, come to spend a few days."

"Very good!" interrupted his guest, "then permit me to ask two or three more questions: Have you an organ in your church?"

"A magnificent one," said the priest, with a sigh. That is the very thing that ruined us! We have an organ which cost us fifteen thousand francs."

"Then you have an organist?"

"Of course!"

"Now, if you have an organ and an organist, you must have the music of a few fine masses by the masters."

"Oh yes, I have there," said he showing a chest full of books, papers and musical scores, "Haydn's, Weber's, Mozart's Masses, and some Masses by Palestrina, and others."

"That's capital! One more question: Can you procure twenty-five or thirty well-upholstered chairs? for," said he, smiling at Luigi, "those ladies must get their money's worth."

"To be sure," said Jane, who did not see the object of all these questions, but who was always full of zeal, "by asking of the doctor, the notary, the justice of the peace and the tax-collector, we could get at least fifty!"

"Well, you will attend to that this very evening, Miss Jane," said the marquis; and turning to the priest: "Here is my project," continued he, "and if you approve of it, you shall have your five thousand francs to-morrow, I assure you."

"Let us see how!" said the old priest, with a somewhat incredulous smile.

"My friend," replied the marquis, "was once *Maestro di Capella* for the king of Naples; that means that he has a magnificent voice and is an excellent musician."

"Ah! the gentleman is a chanter!" exclaimed Jane.

The two friends burst out laughing, and the priest cast a look of reproof at the servant, who did not at all understand the anger of her master, for nothing seemed to her more honorable than to sing the praises of the Lord in His holy temple.

"My friends pretend," continued the marquis, "that I myself have a pretty good tenor voice. I propose, then, Father, that we shall sing for you a musical mass of one of the masters, and set the price of the reserved seats at two hundred francs each."

"Two hundred francs!" exclaimed in unison, the old man and the servant.

"Yes," said the guest quietly, "we might ask three hundred, but since five thousand francs are enough—"

"But do you think," faltered the priest, "that however rich they may be, our neighbors of the *châteaux*—"

"I promised you the five thousand francs," said the young man mirthfully, and turning to Jane: "Get me some pens, ink, paper, and envelopes!"

The old maid rushed out, pressing against her heart the plate which she held in her hand, and returned five minutes later with the objects asked for.

Then the marquis, sharing his paper with Luigi, they wrote half a score of very short letters, dictated by the marquis, and running as follows: "Madame—The Marquis de Candia and his friend Luigi will to-morrow sing a high mass in the parish church of Ville-Jossy. The price of reserved seats is two hundred francs. Please accept the assurance of—, etc."

The priest and Jane gave the addresses of the wealthiest and noblest families of the neighborhood, and an hour later ten messengers were on their way with the missives: for, in the villages of Touraine, the priest's servant is a power, and Jane, who never abused her influence, knew, however, how to use it when necessary, and she could have found twenty gratuitous messengers instead of ten, if it had been necessary.

Then our two friends began to take stock of the old chest in which they found the pastoral letters of the bishop, the sermons, the books, and the musical scores of the pastor. They selected a mass and returned to their room, leaving the priest hovering between hope and doubt, and the servant in an indescribable condition of nervous excitement.

The next morning the sky had cleared; thirty handsome chairs were set in a row, were set in two rows between the choir and the ordinary seats; a small table covered with a little cloth, carried a large platter, destined to receive the contributions imposed upon the privileged ones; the altar was illuminated as on a Whitsunday, and the choir was filled with flowers.

At last the bells chimed gaily and the turnouts began to arrive. The news had spread, I know not how, as far as Tours, and briska followed landaus, wuraths succeeded phaetons, and berlins post-chaises. Never had Ville-Jossy seen so many carriages. The thirty upholstered chairs were occupied a quarter of an hour before the priest appeared at the altar, and every minute other ladies guided by their escorts through the flock of the faithful who filled the aisles, sought a seat upon a common chair, although they had previously deposited their two hundred francs. The good priest watching all this stir through the partially open door of the vestry, could not understand it at all, and Jane, while piously telling her beads, frequently cast a furtive but well-pleased glance at the large platter upon which the gold was piled, and between two *Ave Marias* mentally reckoned how much all that would amount to. She was much inclined to believe that there must be not far from a million. She was mistaken, however, for the sum promised by the marquis was only doubled.

When the priest of Ville-Jossy, clad in his finest vestments, came forth from the vestry and advanced to the altar, a sort of sigh of pleasure, ran through the congregation; then a complete silence took place.

After the first prayers of the priest at the foot of the steps, the organ softly preluded; then all at once, a voice pure as that of a seraph, a voice of wonderful compass, and soft, sympathetic and pliant as one would not think it possible for a human voice to be, struck up a beautiful *Kyrie*, then, in the *Gloria*, a bass, without a rival down to the present time, mingled its tones with those of the tenor and held the audience spell-bound, long after, the tones of the organ had died away in an harmonious sigh. The Preface was chanted by the officiating priest, who was not the least moved of the assembly, for his thoughts seemed to wander, he felt as if he were under the impression of prodigious events. He was in a state which partook of ecstasy and stupor; he had never thought that human voices could pour forth such floods of harmony. Then, at the solemn moment of the elevation of the host, there rang out a *Salutaris* of inexpressible sweetness—for the song was heavenly, and it would take an angel's pen to retrace its inflections, its shadings, and the emotions which it awakened in all hearts. The *Agnus Dei*, that cry of anguish of the Christian soul, was at first poignant as a remorse, heart-rendering as a dying complaint, then it became an evocation, warm, burning and tender as a prayer going up from the bottom of the abyss, but carried to the foot of the ever bright throne of the Holy of Holies of the Most High, upon waves of incense and harmony.

At the close of the service, the organ-loft was invaded by the elegant people whom the marquis had invited to share in his good work, and who considered it an honor to shake hands with him and with Luigi. At the head of all the ladies came the Baroness de Nangis, claiming her guests. Many were the ladies who envied her when the two

artists said that they would return with her, and asked a delay of five minutes only prior to their departure, to pay their respects to the good priest.

When they entered the vestry, the priest was removing his priestly robes.

"Well, Father," joyfully cried the marquis, as he entered, "the idea was not a bad one, was it?"

"Yes, my benefactors," said the priest, going to them with open hands, "the idea was good and generous, and the receipts exceed your promise, for there is here," said he, pointing to the money, "over ten thousand francs; but that money is yours."

"Ah, Father, we will get angry," said the marquis, almost offended. "This money is neither yours nor ours; it belongs to your church and to the poor of your parish, and you have not the right to refuse it."

"Well, let it be so!" said the pastor, very much moved; "I accept it for them, but tell me who you are, in order that I may at least know for whom to pray, and what name the poor should bless."

The two artists looked at each other; hesitated for a second; then the marquis, answering Luigi's inquiring look, said: "Why not?"

"Indeed, why not?" repeated Luigi. Then turning toward the priest, he said: "My friend is Giuseppe Mario, Marquis de Candia, and I am Luigi Lablache, both of the opera, as you perhaps know, Father."

"Yes, indeed," answered he. "Lablache and Mario are two great names which everybody knows, and I, better than any one else, will know that, though great in fame, you are still greater in heart. May God protect and bless you;" and the hand of the good priest outlined a sign, before which the two great artists bowed their heads.

PECULIARITIES OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

It is an accepted theory that when a musical tone is produced in a room or hall, everything which responds to it sounds in harmony with it. This seems to be in accordance with mathematical and acoustical principles, yet I am now in a position to prove by practical experiments that it is a fallacy, and that not only harmony, but positively unharmony, pure and simple, may be produced. This applies, in fact, to everything, not excluding the air. We may, however, consider this as a matter of very little importance as compared with our musical instruments, which we find to produce inharmonic sounds in such a way that we say it is the nature of the thing; and before I finish this letter I believe it will be plain to every reader that few, if any, instruments exist which do not, as part of their nature and construction, produce inharmonic sounds. Before I describe my experience I may remark that I have often been surprised to find that some pieces of wood—or, indeed, any other material of the same size and to all appearances of the same texture, quality, etc.—sound free, loud and harmonious, whereas the others sound weak and inharmonic. I am well aware that allowance must be made for a number of circumstances which may account for the above, but still, to my knowledge, they are not sufficient to account for the great difference existing. Having no siren, I could not measure the number of vibrations except by comparing them with those of a pianoforte, which is correctly tuned to Scheibler's scale, C, 528 vibrations per second. I first tried some pieces of wood (which, when struck, sounded very sweet in comparison with others), and found that the tone produced on one side was either the octave, a fifth, third, or other sound in harmony with that produced on the other side of the wood, forming an angle with it; and by close observation I could hear the two notes at the same time, the tone produced on the side which I struck predominating. Those pieces sounding weak and inharmonic produced, when struck, a seventh and other inharmonic notes with those notes produced on the other side, forming a right angle with it, and the beats could be clearly heard. A piece of Virginia pine wood, four feet long and three-quarters of an inch square, which sounds G, 198 vibrations per second, on that side where the rings of the wood lie flat, and a semitone higher on that side where the rings face edgewise; this consequently sounds inharmonic. Finding I could not get a piece of wood in which the hard grains or rings lay quite flat, or having the vertical rings in a right angle with its plane, I glued up a piece of wood of veneers, which had been cut with a knife from around the trunk of the tree, parallel with the rings. This piece sounded on its surface the note E, 165 vibrations per second, and

on its edge G sharp, two octaves, one tone and a semi-tone above the E. By driving two pins into my drawing-board, against which I held the one edge, I planed the other till the next lower tone—G, 1,584 vibrations per second—was produced; then F sharp; then F, 1,408 vibrations per second, and so on till the intervals were only the depth of a shaving apart.

The surface, notwithstanding the decrease in size of the wood in consequence of the planing, kept the note E, 165 vibrations to the second to the end. If I strike the prong of the tuning-fork on the wider side it sounds C, 528 vibrations per second, and if on the smaller side, A, 880 vibrations per second. It is easy to see that we cannot produce a wave on either side, when struck or bowed, without producing a smaller wave on that side forming an angle with it. Thus we find a wave produced on the edge with one blow and at the same time. Now, it will be seen that the wave on the first side or surface runs to and fro from end to end of the wood 65 times, or 880 feet per second, while that on the edge runs independently 1,584 times, or 8,448 feet per second without interfering with each other. Now, if we look at the practical side of the matter, we find the separate parts as well as the sound-board of a pianoforte, and indeed the whole case should be so constructed as to produce no inharmonic sounds from any part. As a tuning-fork sounds two distinct notes, either harmonious or inharmonic, would not the reed in a harmonium follow the same rule? May not the secret of constructing a good violin bow have something to do with this? If a flute is made of wood it ought to be planed till both sides sound the same note, and then rounded off; I do not see why it should not be oval-shaped. I think this subject opens a wide field for practical appliances, and last, not least, railway engineering. If you want to avoid sound, never use metal in square, round or circular form, but construct the sides as inharmonic with each other as possible.

E. M.

HOW PETER CAPTURED FRA DIAVOLO!

HAT Gen. Gneisenau was to old Blucher, that was old Peter to his director T., whose excellent theatrical company visited the northern part of the province of Brandenburg forty years ago. He was also looked upon by the actors as the example to which the younger members of the company looked up with sincere admiration. But his peculiar and undisputed superiority was as an inexhaustible and unrivalled storyteller and entertainer, who understood how to bring merriment and life into every social gathering, no matter how gloomy it might have been before. Therefore, he was everywhere a welcome guest; and those who knew that the receipts of the wandering troupes of those days were "gigantically small," as Peter used to say, will not be surprised that Peter always liked to be considered a "star," especially on benefit nights, and nothing was taken amiss from him, as he did everything in the most jovial manner. If, for instance the coffee happened to be somewhat too transparent, he would say to the host, in the most serious manner, "No, thank you, I really never drink tea," upon which he might depend that the coffee would be stronger on his next visit.

In return for this it is easily understood what amount of fun, in the shape of songs, jokes and stories, the host would expect from his guest.

Our artist was never at a loss on these occasions, for his imagination and powers of invention were truly astonishing. He would tell of his travels through the wide, wide world; how he passed through fields of cigars, where Havanas grew like asparagus, so that all that was necessary was simply to cut them off close to the ground and they were ready for use. Again, when he would relate his miraculous escape from that horrid shipwreck on the wild cliffs in the Mediterranean sea, everyone would have wagered that he must have perished if, at a lucky moment, a vessel had not passed which picked him up and landed him on the coast of Italy.

"Yes, gentlemen," said he, "then I was delighted to set my foot once more upon *terra firma*, and you should have seen the astonishment of Zerlina, when I told her of my adventures."

"What Zerlina?" asked one of the company. "What Zerlina! why, of course, the daughter of the landlady at Terracina, who has been immortalized in Auber's opera."

"Why, is it possible! Has she really lived? Have you known her? Tell us the truth about that story."

"In truth I have known her, and everything is true of the story, with the exception of the death of

Fra Diavolo," added Peter, with triumphant assurance, for he now had his listeners where he wanted them. "Was it not myself who captured the renowned bandit?"

"By the powers! is it possible? Oh, you must tell us all about it."

"Very willingly," said Peter, with feigned condescension. "I was stationed at Rome, where I had enlisted in the Pope's Zouave regiment to save myself from starving. One day the command was given to search for the renowned robber and highwayman, and my company was ordered in the neighborhood of Terracina, where it was said that Fra Diavolo was hidden among the Abruzzi."

Here one of the company was about to inquire what kind of a thing the Abruzzi were, but Peter, foreseeing the inquiry, warded it off by jumping off his seat, raising his voice, and, putting himself in a tragic position, continued: "There! there! shouted my captain, 'there sits the rascal in the bottom of a clay-pit!' And, upon my soul, there he sat! 'Peter, you have courage—you are a *Prusiano*—drag him from there, while we surround him!'"

"I needed no second order. I advanced upon him, and asked him in Italian to surrender. To my great astonishment—for I was prepared for a severe struggle—he crept good-naturedly from out the clay-pit, and saluted me in the most gentlemanly manner. Probably he saw that he could not resist a whole company; or—perhaps he had already heard of me. There he stood before us—my gracious, what a fine fellow! I tell you, gentlemen, a perfect picture of a man, who seemed to be born for a real heroic tenor! So we took him in our midst, marched him to the nearest city; and, on the road, we spoke to each other most cordially—just as *we* gentlemen are doing now. Nothing was therefore more natural than that we should ask him to sing us a song. As he was so good-natured, I touched my cap and said:

"Signor, cantate!"

"Like a thorough gentleman, he was ready, immediately he took up his post and sang his favorite air from the opera—'Among the soldiers I have friends,' of course in Italian.

"Gentlemen, I give you my word of honor, I never, in all my life, heard anything like it! Magnificent, wonderful voice! But I must speak the truth—I had expected something different—a heavenly voice, magnificent singing, but—he shrugged his shoulders, his lips curled, with the expression of characteristic regret) but there was no talent for acting in him—no acting, gentlemen!"

Here old Peter stopped, in order to watch the effect of his tale. As he noticed that some were sceptical, and inclined to doubt him, he continued, with seemingly just indignation:

"What! you will not believe me? Well, I shall prove it! I can do it. Know then, gentlemen, that, after the capture, Pope Gregory XVI. had me called to him; he praised me and made me presents, and, in consideration of my bravery, he named one of the finest churches in Rome after me. Yes, gentlemen, he called it St. Peter's church."

All the doubters were now silent; they felt themselves beaten.—*From the German.*

FRANK B. CARPENTER, the portrait painter of presidents and cabinet officers, has a great many interesting recollections concerning them. In speaking of his reminiscences recently, he said he had never heard a man laugh more heartily than Secretary Marcy did one day, when his colored servant wanted to see him about some unimportant matter. He looked through the library, but the Secretary was not there. Coming out, he met another servant, and in a rich, full voice, but overflowing with the music of fun, he exclaimed:

"The Marcy I to others show,
That Marcy show to me."

Secretary Marcy overheard it and was convulsed. "He was fond of good stories," added Carpenter, "and told good ones himself."

SHERIDAN once admirably succeeded in entrapping a member of Parliament, who was in the habit of interrupting every speaker with cries of, "Hear! hear!" Alluding to a well-known political character of the time, whom he represented as a person wishing to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to play the fool, Sheridan, with special emphasis, exclaimed, "Where shall we find a more foolish knave, or a knavish fool?" "Hear! hear!" was instantly heard from its accustomed bench. The cruel wit bowed, thanked the offending member for his ready reply, and sat down amid convulsions of laughter from all but the unhappy disturber of Parliamentary peace.

THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright,
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream so happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

ELEMENTARY MUSICAL TUITION.



RECOLLECT once being told by a celebrated professor that in his classes there was always one pupil who profited by every lesson, and that was himself. So conscientious an admission as this is indeed rare from one constantly engaged in tuition; but all who know how much more difficult it is to teach than to learn must feel that every year adds to their store of experience, and cannot but admire the genuineness of the reply given by an eminent pianist to a lady, who applied to him for "finishing" lessons, that "he would be happy to do his best, but that he had not yet finished himself." The truth is that, as a rule, although persons may admit the necessity of bestowing time and attention upon the acquisition of an art, they do not consider that an almost equal amount of time and attention is necessary to study how to convey a knowledge of that art to others; and thus it is that, trading upon the ignorance of parents and guardians who desire that those entrusted to their care shall "learn music," showy pianists, unformed singers, and shallow theorists often make a better income than those who have always zealously labored to place their pupils in the right path, unmoved by the gentle admonitions directly or indirectly conveyed them during their course of instruction. Let the truth not be disguised that at many private seminaries professors of music are engaged, not because they are talented and hold a high position in the world of art, but because they can "introduce a pupil." At others, ladies who have studied music as an accomplishment are themselves the proprietors and teachers of the establishment, placing, however, the name of an eminent player or singer in the prospectus, at ruinous terms, if such instruction "be desired;" and at some schools it is well known that so little is music regarded that even those who send their daughters there are not aware by whom they are taught. To enlarge, therefore, upon the utter want of musical knowledge displayed by the majority of amateurs whilst the opportunities for acquiring it are so limited, would be manifestly absurd; but a few observations upon the subjects most commonly ignored or misunderstood in early training may perhaps meet the eyes of those who select Professors, or have them selected for them, and lead them to make inquiries before committing a pupil to their charge.

In the first place, as our hands are not formed for the Pianoforte, it is obvious that we have to form them. Four fingers and a thumb are not easily brought under such perfect subjection as to insure equality of execution, without a long course of diligent and patient study; and at the commencement, therefore, it is as necessary to be taught how to hold our fingers over the keyboard, in order to play, as to be taught how to hold our pen over the paper in order to write. It is true that the fingers may be dabbled down on the keyboard, so as to produce a sound, as the pen may be dashed on the paper to produce a mark; but the intelligent master foresees the necessity of preparing for rapid execution in the one case, and for rapid writing in the other, and will not therefore allow a pupil to commence in a position which he knows to be a wrong one. Seeing that the thumb is short, strong, and separated from the fingers, like an unruly child, it will unquestionably baffle all attempts at discipline, if vigorous measures be not adopted at first. "Five-finger exercises" are all very well if practiced in all keys, and so that a coin placed upon the hand shall remain undisturbed; but if the thumb be allowed to slide off the keyboard, and remain there until it is wanted again, how long will it be before the four

fingers can be joined with a fifth? "Practicing the scales" every day is usually considered as easy a matter as going out to take a walk; but the truth is that it requires a trained ear to detect whether two consecutive notes, even, are played with precisely the same tone. How much more difficult then to play three, and pass the thumb under upon a fourth without the slightest perceptible jerk to the player or listener; and yet this is what children are permitted to attempt, either without any supervision at all, or under the direction of a governess, who, although a "brilliant pianist," has never perhaps studied even the elements of the art she professes to teach. No wonder, then, that "playing the scale" is too often regarded by children as a sort of treadmill for the fingers, to which they are condemned for the crime of being young; and the fact of their ardently longing for the time of their emancipation is pretty evident from their almost invariably ignoring scale practice as soon as they possibly can; indeed I was once told by a pianist at the ripe age of thirteen, that her little sister "ran up her scales," but that she had "got beyond them." That in the majority of schools the great aim is to "play fast" may be proved by the number of exercises for "velocity," and the very few for "equality," which are used; and as rapid music, with juvenile players, always generates rapid practice, there can be no wonder why the touch is often irretrievably destroyed at an age when it should be steadily in the process of formation. All this is, of course, bad enough; and hard, indeed is the task of the master who is called upon in after years to "finish" what has never been commenced; but when we consider the blank state of the young pupil's mind upon the principles of the art on leaving school, it would in truth be strange, even supposing that her executive powers had been carefully trained, if she could give the slightest meaning to the simplest piece until she had been, bar by bar, coached up in it by a teacher who would continue to think for her. Such a statement may seem strange to many; but I speak from experience, and unhesitatingly affirm that at numerous educational establishments, where the highest terms are paid, the pupils, who have for years scrambled through pieces in imitation of the manner in which they have heard them performed by their master, are utterly ignorant of what key they are playing in, the value of notes and rests, the various species of time, the merest rudiments of phrasing, or the correct method of executing any one of the various embellishments to be met with in the simplest composition.

And now, to take these subjects in the order here mentioned, I would ask how any accurate knowledge is to be gained by the method in which they are usually attempted to be taught in schools. A pupil is told to look at the signature of a piece in order to know what key it is in, and always to believe that it is in a major key, unless she finds that the fifth (which is *not* the fifth but the seventh) is continually raised. Of course, if she had never been "taught" there would be some hope for her, as she would then have no confused ideas about the "relative minor," and simply name the note upon which the whole piece is founded, reckoning whether the third from it is large or small. Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique," for example, would be said by any child to be "in C" (if she were not tempted by her "teaching" to say that it is in B flat major), and it would then require but small calculation to find that the third is minor, according to the signature. That the minor key is constructed out of the materials used for what is termed its "relative major" is a matter of musical history, with which a pupil should have nothing to do at first. The fact is, that in modern music the question should be whether a piece is in a certain tonic major or minor, and it is absurd to suppose that there is any difficulty in determining this. Granted that by adopting this method we get rid of many time-honored notions inseparably bound up with obsolete scales, we at least teach in accordance with the age we live in; and from experience I can say that I never heard a young pupil succeed in naming the key by adhering to the old system, and never heard her fail by following the new.

The importance of counting time is also frequently disregarded by instructors, and consequently minims, crotchets, quavers, dots, double dots, rests, etc., convey no idea to the performer, because she has never been taught from the first to count them; and when, thoroughly disheartened, she exclaims that she "never can play in time," she really means her experiment of ascertaining the value of notes without counting them has been unsuccessful. To help her over this difficulty, and make both herself and her parents believe that she is "getting on," the passages are often played to her, and

her imitation of what she hears (like a drawing "touched up" by the master) passes with those who know no better as the result of the excellent teaching she is receiving. Counting, in learning to play, like spelling, in learning to read, is merely a means to an end; and an experienced performer, therefore, can dispense with the first, as an experienced reader can dispense with the second; but both are necessary in early training; and were a child taught that the value of a note is as important as its pitch, no misapprehension on the subject could ever occur: indeed it may be said that any young player who pursues the method of carefully counting every note and rest will find that the real difficulty is to play *out* of time.

Coming now to the subject usually headed in instruction books "The various species of time," it can scarcely be imagined that much sound knowledge can exist on the matter, considering that, in reality, it has nothing whatever to do with the "time" in which a piece is to be played, but merely relates to the measure, or rhythm. As the word itself, then, conveys no meaning to students, it is not likely that the two figures usually placed at the commencement will help them in doing more than arriving at a knowledge of the number of notes contained in a bar; so that 2 means 2, 6 means 6, 12 means 12, and 9 means 9; the rhythm (of course, represented by the grouping, which is utterly ignored) being, although the most important matter, scarcely spoken of. Ask a child what 6-8 time is, and you will be told (if she remember the words she has been taught) that it is six quavers in the bar, which is, of course, like saying that 6-8 signifies 6-8. Tell her that it has two beats in the bar, and she will wonder what you mean; for she will of course imagine that six quavers, made up anyhow, must be 6-8 time. All this false teaching arises from the fact of the quantity instead of the *measure* (in "compound time" as it is termed) being represented by the upper of the two figures. Were it ever the custom to teach that you may take four, two or three notes of any kind in the bar—that when these notes are without dots they must each move in *twos*, and when with dots they must move in *threes*, there would be nothing more to learn, for the license of writing triplets in simple time is known to every child. That any young pupil will arrive at this fact herself I am inclined to doubt, for in the little teaching she has had, the truth (as far as compound time at least is concerned) is carefully hidden.

Were pupils taught to *unbar* their music in order to get at the phrasing intended by the composer, they would at once be able to sing with their fingers as they would sing with the voice; but whilst the lingering notion prevails that the bar lines do no more than regulate the *measure*, there can be little hope of any clear ideas on the subject. To finger a passage as you phrase it, it is necessary to know how you *should* phrase it; and although this is clearly enough expressed upon the paper, we rarely find that pupils do more than imitate the master, because they are not taught those principles which can ever make the music come from themselves. Take, for instance, the second subject in Beethoven's Sonata in G minor (Op. 49, No. 1)—a well known school piece—and were it taught as a child would be taught to read a book—in phrases instead of single notes—it could be fingered in no other way than with the fourth finger on the first F in the second bar, and the thumb on the next F, because the first ends a phrase and the second begins one; but the pupil who even fingers it correctly, having no reason for so doing, plays both F's with precisely the same touch, because all she knows is what she has been told—that the principal accent takes place on the first bar, and can scarcely comprehend that the beginning or end of a phrase can occur in any part of the bar that the composer pleases; indeed that the first note of a bar is often the last note of a phrase never enters the mind, and the listener therefore hears each sentence chopped up into bars, precisely as he often hears a beautiful piece of poetry chopped up into lines, the *measure*, of course, with untrained pupils, in both instances taking precedence of, and therefore obscuring the sense.

The manner of performing the numerous embellishments in the music both of the past and present time is so little systematized in teaching that the pupils seem left to grope out a method for themselves; so that turns and shakes are usually played rather as interruptions than as ornaments to the flow of a passage. Appoggiaturas, too, are often performed as acciaccaturas, and acciaccaturas as appoggiaturas; indeed, in the majority of instruction books, the two are positively confounded together. If this ignorance then exists in the teacher, how can we wonder at the ignorance of the pupil?

Of course I could extend these observations to a much greater length—for the theme is sufficiently fertile—but my object is simply to draw the attention of those who have the care of young people, to the manner in which the work of musical education is too frequently conducted. It behooves parents and guardians, therefore, to think for themselves in the matter, and to exercise a little care in the choice of masters for a branch of education which is now rapidly ceasing to be treated as a mere showy accomplishment. A sound musical training should be guaranteed in every establishment of any position; and this cannot be expected whilst either apathy or ignorance is permitted or overlooked at the lessons; for to insure steady and satisfactory progress in the pupil, it is necessary that the master shall not only teach all he knows, but that he shall know all he teaches.—H. C. LUNN.

COLOR AND MUSIC.

ATTEMPTS have been made, from time to time, to build up theories of color based on analogies drawn from sound. The sensation of sound, however, is more particularly connected with time, that of sight with space; and these facts necessitate a fundamental difference in the organs devoted to the reception of sound waves and of light waves; and, on account of this difference between the eye and ear, all such musical theories are quite worthless. Thus, our perception of color does not even extend over one octave, while in music seven octaves are employed. When two musical sounds are mingled we have accord or discord, and the ear of a practiced musician can recognize the separate notes that are struck; but when two masses of colored light are mingled, a new color is produced, in which the original constituents can not be recognized even by the eye of a painter. Thus red and green light, when mixed, furnish yellow light, and this yellow is, in no way, to be distinguished from the yellow light of the spectrum, except that it is somewhat paler, and looks as though it had been mixed with a certain amount of white light. Again, in music the intervals are definite and easily recognized relations, as for example, that of the fundamental with the fifth or octave; we can calculate the corresponding intervals for colored light, but they cannot be accurately recognized, even by the most skillful painter. In painting, we are constantly obliged to advance from one color to another by insensible steps, but a proceeding like this, in music, gives rise to sounds that are ludicrous. These facts, which are susceptible of the most rigid proof, may suffice to show that a fundamental difference exists between the sensations of vision and hearing, and that any theory of color, based on our musical experience, must rest on fancy rather than fact. O. N. R.

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

We have so far refrained from saying anything about the Kunkel Popular Concerts for the reason that we did not wish to use the columns of the REVIEW to advertise concerts in which both publisher and editor were interested. The novelty of the concert plan has however caused considerable comment and for that reason, as well as for the further reason that the plan itself has in some quarters, been maliciously misrepresented, leads us to reprint here the complete explanation of the plan from the circulars that were sent out all over the city.

"THE KUNKEL POPULAR CONCERTS."

THEIR PURPOSE.

It is a common complaint that the American people in general, and the St. Louis public in particular are unmusical, but it has been for years the belief of the originators of this series of concerts that no nation nor city exists that can absolutely be called unmusical, and that where musical enterprises do not receive proper appreciation and support it is because their managers have failed to adapt them to the wants and social conditions of the people among whom they are started. Music is universal, and, from the bootblack to the king, there is not a human being but loves some style of music. Furthermore, the large majority of people of all classes can and do appreciate that which is really great in musical compositions, for, in music as in all the arts, that which is truly great appeals directly to the emotions of all mankind, though not to all in an equal degree. The music of St. Louis concerts has, as a rule, appealed to some one class; either it has been trivial and a source of disgust to educated musicians or it has gone to the other extreme and been of such a character as to please only those who could appreciate the intellectual part of music. So common has this custom become, that the people at large have come to associate the idea of good music with that of a musical foreign tongue which only the initiated can understand and to which they do not care to listen. This mistake will be avoided in these concerts and only such compositions as musicians must approve and all intelligent people enjoy will be given. In this way, this series of concerts will be not only a source of pleasure but a means of musical education for rich and poor alike. We say for rich and poor alike, because, while, on the one hand, they will be undoubtedly the finest concerts St. Louis has ever had, on the other, as will presently be fully explained, they will be, to all intents,

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

To furnish the citizens of St. Louis the best music, rendered in a truly artistic manner, and all for nothing, is the purpose of these concerts. The character of the music will appear from the annexed programmes. As to the rendering of the vocal music and especially of the choral selections, it is to be

noted that the best available vocal talent in St. Louis has been secured, and that it has been, by thorough rehearsing, brought to a condition of perfection impossible in organizations made up of such material as that of which choral societies are performed composed. The best solo instrumental talent, both home and foreign, will also appear at these concerts from time to time.

THE BUSINESS PLAN.

We have said that these concerts were to be absolutely free to those who will attend. As hall-rent, printing, the singers, etc., must be paid for, it is now in order to explain how these concerts can be made to cost the public nothing. This is accomplished by a system which enables those who may wish to attend these concerts to make one dollar do the work of two. We explain in detail:

The tickets of admission to the Kunkel Popular Concerts will be one dollar each, but to each ticket will be attached a beautifully engraved coupon order which reads as follows:

"To the Houses named on the reverse hereof: On surrender of this order within eight days from the date thereof, please deliver to bearer one dollar's worth of goods, at retail rates, and charge the same to the account of KUNKEL BROTHERS."

The business houses named on the back of the order are under contract to Kunkel Brothers to honor these orders according to the terms thereof. It is to be noted that though the orders must be presented within eight days of the purchase the tickets of admission are good for any concert during the season. These houses are also under contract to Kunkel Brothers to accept in payment for the said orders a certain per cent. less than their face value. This percentage varies with different businesses but is about the difference between the wholesale and the retail prices of the goods. This difference will be the real income of the concerts and the concerts will therefore be paid for by the houses which will honor the orders and not by the public. This means that those who attend these concerts will get either their music or their goods for nothing. In other words, the many whose income forbids their attending the opera and other expensive musical entertainments, and yet whose education and refined tastes make intellectual entertainments a real necessity, will thus have a want supplied. Here, for instance, is Mr. A. with a family of half a dozen children, to whom he has managed to give some musical education. He knows that a good concert is an excellent music lesson for his children, and it would also be a source of enjoyment to himself and his worthy wife. His salary, however, is, say fifteen hundred dollars a year, and house rent and necessities absorb every cent. If Emily could do without a new dress and Jane without a pair of shoes, if Albert did not need a winter hat and Samuel an overcoat, he would take his little family to concerts, but the things must be had, and the concerts must go. Now, however, Mr. A. can get the necessities and, with the same money, attend a series of first-class concerts. He can buy, say, from one to fifty dollars' worth of tickets, and, on the coupon orders that accompany them, he can get almost anything his family may need, whether necessities or luxuries, and then have the tickets left to use for himself, family and friends during the entire season—tickets to the finest concerts ever listened to in St. Louis.

The business houses on the back of the order represent a capital in trade of over ten millions of dollars, and although they run no risk in the matter, we think it is quite a compliment to the enterprise and its promoters that they should have entered into a contract of the character indicated. These houses are the following:

Wm. Barr Dry Goods Co., Mermoid & Jaccard Jewelry Co., Burrell Comstock & Co., A. A. Mellier, M. J. Steinberg, Excelsior Mfg. Co., Jno. A. Scholten, Gilbert Bros., Miller-Stephenson China & Glass Co., St. Bernard Dollar Store, J. A. Pozzoni, F. W. Humphrey & Co., J. L. Isaacs, Joel Swope & Bro., Fraser's Candies, Bollman Bros., A. Shattinger, St. Louis Stationery and Book Co., F. W. Rosenthal & Co., W. A. Stickney, J. & J. Gerardi, A. Siegel Gas Fixture Co., Budweiser Beer and Wine Co., F. DeDonato, J. L. Peters, Goodyear Rubber Co., B. E. Thonssen, Nicholas Lebrun, J. P. Westermann.

At the time we write, two concerts have been given, with great success and it seems certain that the concerts are to be a permanent institution. Henceforth our work in these columns so far as these concerts are concerned, is to be that of a truthful chronicler of facts, whether they please or displease us or others. The programme of the first concert, January 17th, was the following:

PART I.

- 1.—CHORUS: "The Heavens are Telling." ("Creation.")
- 2.—SELECTIONS FROM "Hymn of Praise," Mendelssohn.
- a.—CHORUS, (No. 4.) "All ye that cried unto the Lord"
- b.—DUET AND CHORUS, (No. 5.) "I waited for the Lord and trust in the Lord." The duet by Miss Matthews and Miss Steinberger.
- c.—TENOR SOLO, (No. 6.) "The sorrows of death had closed all around me." Mr. E. A. Becker.
- d.—CHORAL, (No. 8) Let all men praise the Lord."
- 3.—SOPRANO SOLO.—SCENA AND CAVATINA. "Tacea la notte." ("Il Trovatore") Verdi. Mrs. Alice Hart.
- 4.—"HALLELUJAH CHORUS" ("Messiah") Handel.

PART II.

- 5.—CHORUS. "Merrily Sound the Bells." (Glee) Hatton.
- 6.—CONTRALTO SOLO.—"My Noble Knights." ("Huguenots") Meyerbeer. Mrs. Pauline Bollman.
- 7.—PIANO SOLO.
- a.—"Supplication" (Transcription of Jensen's "Lehn deine Wang' an mein Wang.") Julie Rive-King.
- b.—"Water Sprites" (Polka Brillante.) Charles Kunkel.
- 8.—BARYTONE SOLO. "Tis I alone can Tell." Riegg.
- 9.—"MISERERE SCENE." ("Trovatore") Verdi. "Leonora," Miss Lizzie Matthews. "Manrico," Mr. Ed. Cooper.
- 10.—"SOLDIERS' CHORUS." ("Faust") Gounod.

This concert was in all respects a triumph. The chorus work was excellent, the solo numbers were all given in the best of style. That the vast audience was well pleased was sufficiently shown by the fact that out of ten numbers six were encored in a way that fairly shook the house. A chorus of twenty voices, though they be the best in the city, is not so large as we should like to hear in selections such as "The Heavens are Telling," or the "Hallelujah Chorus," but they are better and more effective than four times the number of such dummies as compose the majority of choral organizations.

The programme of second concert, January 24th, was the following:

PART I.

- 1.—SELECTIONS FROM "Stabat Mater." Rossini.
- a.—INTRODUCTION. CHORUS "Stabat Mater."
- b.—"Quis est homo?" DUET. Miss Ella Keating and Mrs. Nellie Uhl-Blachly.
- c.—"Pro Peccatis," BARYTONE SOLO. Mr. Joseph Saler.
- d.—BASS SOLO AND CHORUS. "Eia Mater." Solo, Mr. Wiseman.

- f.—SOLO AND CHORUS "Inflamatus," Solo by Miss Lizzie Matthews.
- 2.—PIANO DUET "International Fantasia." Epstein. Messrs. Charles Kunkel and Otto Bollman.

PART II.

- 2.—CHORUS. "Let All with Merry Voices Sing." Hatton.
- 3.—CONTRALTO SOLO. "Sleep Thou, My Child." Foulton. Miss Adele Laeis.
- 4.—SOPRANO SOLO. "Ah Fors' e lui," "Traviata."—Verdi. Miss Ida Steinberger.
- 5.—PIANO SOLO. "Gems of Scotland." Julie Rive-King. Mr. Charles Kunkel.
- 6.—BARYTONE SOLO. "So Much Between Us!" E. R. Kroeger. Mr. Geo. H. Wiseman.
- 7.—CHORUS. "The Frogs' Singing School." H. N. Bartlett.
- 8.—CHORUS. "Grand March from Tannhauser." Wagner.

We were not at all satisfied with the choral work of the first part of this concert. The high standard reached in the first concert, in this respect, was not kept up. Neither the attack, the ensemble nor the shading were what we had a right to expect. In the "Stabat Mater" Mr. Saler, though in good voice, sang the "Pro Peccatis" unsatisfactorily. The beautiful quartette "Sancta Mater" was on the programme, but had to be abandoned on account of the illness of Mrs. Cunningham, and the sore throat of Mr. Koss. In the "Eia Mater," Mr. Wiseman, who is a barytone, had to substitute at a moment's notice for Mr. Koss, a basso profundo, and while he acquitted himself creditably, the selection was not well within his voice. It was not until the "Inflamatus" was reached that the singers seemed to wake up to their full duty. This number was rendered in first-class style, Miss Matthews singing her solo with true artistic feeling and expression, and in a voice of silvery clearness, and richly deserving the vociferous encore she received. The piano duet, "International Fantasia," Epstein, closed this part in a way to put the audience in a good humor. The work of the second part of the programme was much better. The chorus work was good and the soloists one and all, both in their original selections and in their encore songs, for they all received enthusiastic recalls, acquitted themselves very creditably. As to Mr. Kunkel's playing at this concert we can only say that we have never before seen a St. Louis audience give a pianist a triple encore as they did in this case, although Mr. Kunkel consented to respond to only two of them, playing for the first Rive-King's "Bubbling Spring," and for the second his own "Water-Sprites" Polka. If we seem harsh in criticizing that which the public and the local press unanimously approved, we beg leave to state that as these are our concerts, there is a double duty imposed on us to tell the truth about them.

The third orchestral concert of the St. Louis Musical Union, under the conductorship of Mr. A. Waldauer, was given at the Natatorium, Jan. 24th, 1884, and was, taken as a whole, the most satisfactory of the three thus far produced this season.

The programme opened with Beethoven's Leonore Overture No. 3, and was played with commendable precision. The second number, Saint Saëns "Danse Macabre," which has been heard at these concerts in former seasons, showed a marked improvement, especially so in reference to the repose with which the orchestra performed the difficult *moreau*. Miss Laura Fisher concluded the first part of the programme by singing Matteis Concert Waltz. This lady has an excellent method, her phrasing and intonation are correct, but alas! she lacks that magnetism, that spontaneous fire that thrills and awakens an audience into enthusiasm.

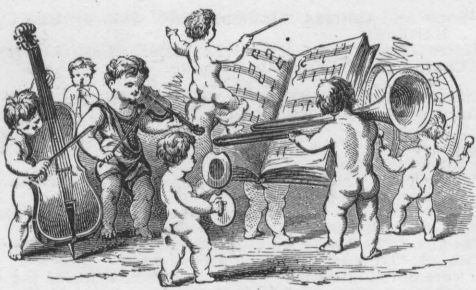
Part I began with Wagner's brilliant and effective overture, "Rienzi," and it was indeed brilliantly and effectively rendered. Mr. Waldauer and his orchestra deserve credit for producing a work so rarely heard in this city in so superb a manner. Mr. Ehling, who on this occasion was not "ailing," performed Chopin Ballade in G minor and Liszt's Heroic Polonaise in E major, in a manner that would have done credit to any pianist. This rendering was musically, well conceived, and taken in its entirety, bore the stamp of the thorough artist. The sixth and seventh numbers, light in character, pleased the less musically cultured portion of the audience.

The Hungarian Dances arranged for orchestra by Johannes Brahms, were rendered with much more spirit and vim than at the rehearsal, and pleasantly closed a delightful evening.

The first concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, composed of Messrs. Heerich, first violin, Schopp, second violin, Schoen, viola, Froelich, cello, and Robyn, pianist, brought a fair audience to Memorial Hall, to listen to the following interesting programme:

1. Quartette in B flat. Beethoven a. Allegro con brio. b. Adagio. c. Scherzo. d. Malinconia e allegretto. Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
2. Song. "Waldvogelien." Lachner. Miss Alice Lansden.
3. Violin, "Fantasie Militaire." Leonard. Mr. Geo. Heerich.
4. Ballad, "You." Robyn. Miss Alice Lansden.
5. Quintetto, A minor. Franz Lachner. a. Allegro. b. Adagio non troppo. c. Tempo di menuetto. d. Allegro. Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The concert was artistically a success. "Comparisons are odious" says the adage, and yet, with two Quintette clubs in the field, comparisons are unavoidable, and as between the Philharmonic and the Mendelssohn Quintettes, judged by their work the present season, the palm must be awarded to the latter. To begin with, the parts are better balanced and the tone of the Mendelssohn quintette is by far the better. The fact is that with the exception of Mr. Mayer, who is probably the superior of Mr. Froelich in execution and possibly his equal in tone, the members of the Mendelssohn quintette are superior as players to those of the Philharmonic. This is especially apparent in the pianists—Mr. Robyn being in our estimation far preferable in every respect to Mr. Hammerstein. It is true that the latter is hampered by the fact that he is compelled to play upon a second grade upright piano, of which one of the members of the quintette holds the agency, while Mr. Robyn has at his command a new Miller Artist's Grand, which gives him an immense advantage over the other gentleman. While this does not create Mr. Hammerstein's inferiority in this respect, it certainly serves to emphasize it, and he ought not to allow business considerations to place him at so great a disadvantage, artistically. Mr. Heerich played his solo in capital style, but we think he might have made a truer artist. Miss Lansden sang "Waldvogelien" with good taste and in excellent voice, obtaining an encore. Her encore selection "Love's Power," by Goldner was also very enthusiastically applauded. The song as music is good—as a song it is bad. We mean that while the music is well written it is entirely unfitted to express the sentiment of the words, which are also excellent. A better song by far is Mr. Robyn's "You," which the vocalist sang charmingly. Three more concerts are to be given by this organization, on March 6, March 27 and April 24th respectively. The concerts are managed by Mr. Kieselhorst of Miller Piano and Amateur Orchestra fame.



OUR MUSIC.

"SLEEP, BABY SLEEP!"Kunkel.

This beautiful little song will please the many cultured mothers who read the REVIEW. It is what a lullaby should be—simple, soulful and tender. This little song is simple enough for the nursery, good enough for the concert stage. Mme. Christine Nilsson who has accepted its dedication, pronounces the song "very beautiful," and has promised to sing it in the concerts she may give after her present season of opera is over.

"MARCH OF THE AMAZONS," (Duet).....Krøger.

This composition of our young friend Krøger, will, we think be highly appreciated by the more advanced pianists who receive our paper. The originality of the themes and the skill with which they are treated cannot escape the notice of competent judges—while the beauty of the whole will strike all musical people, however imperfect their theoretical knowledge of music. This is one of the duets for advanced pianists, to which we referred editorially in our January issue.

"STUDY,"Schumann.

This study of arpeggios, with change of hands, makes capital practice for pianists; it is at the same time a beautiful composition, worthy of being played for itself. We call the attention of our readers to the careful fingering and other directions which are not to be found in any other edition.

"EOLIAN WHISPERS,"Auchester.

The name of this composition is sufficiently indicative of its general character. It is some time since we have had the pleasure of presenting to our readers a composition of this skilled writer. We have been promised at least two more compositions from Mr. Auchester's skilled pen during the current year—and the readers of the REVIEW shall have the benefit of them.

"MARTHA." (Fantasia).....Sidus.

Sidus, the friend of our younger pianists, furnishes them, in this issue, with a very pretty fantasia on the ever-popular and melodious "Martha." The careful indications of fingering, etc., etc., make this piece more than a mere recreation—a combination of the useful with the agreeable seldom equalled, never surpassed.

The pieces here given, cost in sheet form:

"SLEEP, BABY SLEEP!" Kunkel.....	\$ 50
"MARCH OF THE AMAZONS," (Duet) Krøger.....	1 00
"SCHUMANN STUDY," (worth).....	25
"EOLIAN WHISPERS," Auchester.....	75
"MARTHA FANTASIA," Sidus.....	75
TOTAL.....	\$3 25

The opinions of eminent musicians on the subject of "Musical Normals" that were to be continued this issue, have been crowded out, but will be given next month.

NEW MUSIC.

Among the latest of our issues we wish to call the special attention of our readers to the pieces mentioned below. We will send any of these compositions to those of our subscribers who may wish to examine them, with the understanding that they may be returned in good order, if they are not suited to their taste or purpose. The names of the authors are a sufficient guarantee of the merit of the compositions, and it is a fact now so well known that the house of Kunkel Brothers is not only fastidious in the selection of the pieces it publishes, but also issues the most carefully edited, fingered, phrased, and revised publications ever seen in America, that further notice of this fact is unnecessary.

Kunkel's Royal Edition

Of DUVERNOY'S ECOLE DU MÉCANISME Op. 120, in two books, each \$1.00.

JULIE RIVE-KING'S

Great Edition of LISZT'S TANNHAUSER MARCH,
\$1.50.

This edition is the finest ever published. The annotations, *ossias* and phrasing, it contains will be a revelation to pianists who play this piece as published heretofore.

"FRAGRANT BREEZES." Rive-King..... 60

"SUPPLICATION." Rive-King..... 60

KUNKEL'S ROYAL EDITION

Of Standard Piano Compositions with revisions, explanatory text, *ossias*, and careful fingering (foreign fingering) by Dr. Hans von Bulow, Dr. Franz Liszt, Carl Klindworth, Julie Rive-King, Theodor Kullak, Louis Kohler, Carl Reinecke, Robert Goldbeck, Charles and Jacob Kunkel, and others.

A Starry Night.....	Sidney Smith	\$ 75
La Baladine.....	Ch. B. Lysberg	75
Warblings at Eve.....	Brinley Richards	50
Monastery Bells.....	Lefebure Wely	50
Return of Spring.....	Theodore Malling	75
Spinnerlied.....	Wagner-Liszt	1 00
Spinnerlied.....	Litolf	75
Heimweh (Longing for Home).....	Albert Jungmann	35
Chant du Berger.....	M. de Colas	40
L'Argentine Mazurka (Silver Thistle).....	Eugene Ketterer	75
Bonnie Doon and Bonnie Dundee (Fantasia).....	Willie Pape	75
Nocturne in D flat (Bleeding Heart).....	Dahler	60
Grand Galop de Concert.....	E. Ketterer	75

Teachers will please remember that these pieces need only to be seen in their new dress, to secure for them at once the recognition of being the finest edition extant.

The Royal edition will eventually comprise all the classical as well as modern compositions, and its numbers will be advertised in the REVIEW as they are published.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A full line of the pieces included in this edition is kept by the houses mentioned below, who are our agents for its sale. Teachers and others can examine them there, and both they and the trade will be supplied by these firms at precisely the same rates as by us:

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Every yearly subscriber to KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW will, upon sending ten cents additional to prepay postage, receive as a premium either Kunkel's Parlor Album No. 1 and Kunkel Bros.' Album of Music, or Kunkel's Parlor Album No. 2 and Kunkel Bros.' Album of Music (for contents see below). Parties preferring both Parlor Albums, will receive same as premium upon payment of 50 cents additional.

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I Love But Thee (English and German words).....	Robyn.
The Parting (duet; English and Italian words).....	Tambur-ello.
Bliss All Raptures Past Excelling (vocal waltz).....	Robyn.
Leave Me Not Lonely.....	Tambur-ello.
The Wedding Day (English and German words).....	Bidez.
Angels' Visits.....	Melnotte.
The Stolen Kiss (English and German words).....	Epstein.
The Penitent's Prayer.....	Kunkel.
The Brightest Eyes.....	Stigelli.
Why Are Roses Red? (Eng., Italian, and Ger. words).....	Melnotte.

INSTRUMENTAL.	
Norma (operatic fantasia, with lesson).....	Paul.
Il Trovatore (operatic fantasia, with lesson).....	Paul.
William Tell (operatic fantasia, with lesson).....	Paul.
Martha (operatic fantasia).....	Paul.
Bubbling Spring (caprice, with lesson).....	Rive-King.
Gem of Columbia (grand galop, with lesson).....	Siebert.
Skylark Polka (with lesson).....	Dreyer.
Show of Rubies (tone poem, with lesson).....	Prossinger.
Maiden's Longing (reverie, with lesson).....	Goldbeck.
Love's Devotion (romanza, with lesson).....	Goldbeck.
The First Ride (galop).....	Sidus.
Cuckoo and the Cricket (rondo).....	Sidus.
Waco Waltz.....	Sisson.
The Jolly Blacksmiths (caprice, with lesson).....	Paul.

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Thou'rt Like Unto a Flower.....	Rubinstein.
Because I Do (Ballad).....	Molloy.
I Dinna Ken the Reason Why.....	Foulon.
Heart Tried and True.....	Kunkel.
Come Again, Days of Bliss.....	Schleiffarth.
One Little Moment More, Maud (Ballad).....	Estabrook.
Row, Slumber, Love (Barcarole).....	Rembelsinski.
Life's Lights and Shadows.....	Robyn.
When Through Life (Duet or Solo) Concert Waltz.....	Schonacker.

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Dream of the Lily (with lesson).....	Hertel.
Traviata (Operatic Fantasia—with lesson).....	Paul.
Twilight Musings (Reverie Waltz—with lesson).....	Johnson.
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Shepherd's Morning Song (Idyl).....	Paul.
Summer Sky (Waltz—with lesson).....	Voelmecke.
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Angelic Chimes (An Evening Reverie).....	Voelmecke.
The Banjo (Ethiopian Sketch).....	Melnotte.
Peep o' Day Waltz.....	Rochow.
Spring Waltz.....	Chopin.
Summer Waltz.....	Chopin.
May Galop.....	Sisson.

INSTRUMENTAL DUETS.	
The Cuckoo and the Cricket.....	Sidus.
The Jolly Blacksmiths.....	Paul.
Love's Greetings (Schottische).....	Siebert.
Gem of Columbia (Galop).....	Siebert.

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Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town (Scottish Ballad).....	Scotch.
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Five O'Clock in the Morning (Ballad).....	Claribel.
Eva Ray—Ballad.....	Jane Eyre.
Fannie Powers—Song and Dance.....	Eddie Fox.
How Can I Leave Thee (Ach wie ist's möglich).....	Cramer.
When the Swallows Homeward Fly.....	Franz Abt.
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer (Die Letzte Rose).....	Flotow.
When the Corn is Waving, Annie Dear.....	Chas. Blamphin.
The Lass o' Boontree (Schoen Kate O'Boontree).....	G. Estabrook.
Home, Sweet Home (Suesse Heimath).....	Sir Henry R. Bishop.
Allie May—Ballad.....	Holmes.
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Sleep, Baby Sleep.

(MEIN LIEBLING, SCHLAF!)

Charles Kunkel.

Moderato ♩ — 80.

O schlaf, lieb Kind - chen, schlaf schlaf ein! Schon bricht her-
O sleep, my dar - ling ba - by, sleep, For twinkling

vor der Stern - ne Schein. Dir winkt ein Engel zu Vom Himmel hoch, Vom Himmel
stars be - gin to peep, And watch o'er thee, my child, from out the sky, from out the

hoch! Dir winkt ein En - gel zu Vom Himmel hoch, Vom Himmel hoch!
sky And watch o'er thee, my child, from out the sky— from out the sky

cres.

Wie das Thal den Nebel

mf

2 4 2 1 3

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *

Ev'ry hill and ev'ry

füllt In Schat-ten hüllt, In Schat-ten hüllt!

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

dale dark sha-dows veil, dark shadows veil,

Schlaf mein Lieb-ling, schlaf mein Lieb-ling! Schlaf die

Ped. Ped. Ped. *

Sleep my dar-ling, sleep my dar-ling, sleep for

Nacht ist nah!

Ped. Ped. Ped.

night is nigh!

Der Ros. se Kelch schon schloss sich zu, Und's Vög. lein sitzt im Nest in
While but. ter cups and dai. sies close, And birds with. in their nests re.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ruh. Die Nacht. i. gall nur wacht Und grüsst die Nacht Und grüsst die
pose The night. in. gale with song the night doth greet the night doth

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Nacht. Die Nacht. i. gall nur wacht Und grüsst die Nacht. Und grüsst die
greet, The night. in. gale with song the night doth greet, the night doth

cres.

Nacht.
greet.

cres.

Ped. Ped. Ped. * Ped. *

58

Und das Häs- . . . lein tief im Moos Die Au- gen schloss Die Au- gen

In - to hives, with drow - sy hum, the bees have come, the bees have

p

Ped. *

schloss. Ruh, süß Rest my

come

p

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *

Lieb - chen, ruh, süß Lieb - chen Ruh, und schlum - mre süß

dar - ling, rest my dar - ling, rest in slum - ber sweet

p

O schlaf, mein Her - zens - kindchen schlaf, O schlaf mein

O sleep my dar - ling ba - by sleep, O sleep my

p

Ped. 5 * Ped. *

Her - zenskindchen schlaf! Mein hol des Kindchen schlaf, Mein Liebling schlaf, Mein Liebling

dar - ling ba - by sleep. My dar - ling ba - by sleep, my dar - ling sleep, my dar - ling

Ped. * Ped. *

schlaf! Mein hol - des Kindchen schlaf, Mein Lieb - ling schlaf Mein Lieb - ling

sleep, My dar - ling ba by sleep, my dar - ling sleep, my dar - ling

cres.

schlaf, Mein Lieb - ling schlaf, Schlaf ein, schlaf sanft, Schlaf ein mein

sleep, my dar - ling sleep, now sleep, now sleep, now sleep, my

Ped. *

Lieb - ling, schlaf sanft.....

dar - ling, now sleep!.....

pp

pp

Ped.

60

March of the Amazons.

E. R. Kroeger.

Secondo.

Con Brio ♩ — 88.

mf *sf ff* *mf*

sf ff *mf* *cres* *cen* *do.*

ff *f* *mf*

1. 2.

sf *sf* *sf*

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March of the Amazons.

E.R. Kroeger.

Primo.

Con Brio ♩ — 88.

The musical score is written for piano and is divided into four systems. The first system is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It begins with a common time signature and a tempo marking of 'Con Brio' at 88 beats per minute. The music features a series of chords and single notes, with dynamic markings of 'ff' (fortissimo) and 'f' (forte). Pedal points are indicated with 'Ped.' and asterisks. The second system continues the piece, featuring a key signature change to one flat (B-flat). It includes a 'cres.' (crescendo) marking and a 'do' (sustained) marking. The third system returns to the two-flat key signature and features a 'Ped.' marking. The fourth system concludes the piece with a first and second ending bracket, featuring dynamic markings of 'f', 'sf' (sforzando), 'mf' (mezzo-forte), and 'sf'. The score is marked 'Primo.' and includes various musical notations such as treble and bass staves, notes, rests, and fingerings.

Secondo.

First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains chords and rests, with dynamic markings *sf*, *sf*, *p*, *sf*, *sf*, and *p*. The bass staff contains a continuous eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks (*) at the beginning and end of the system.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff contains chords and rests, with dynamic markings *sf*, *sf*, and *mf*. The bass staff contains a continuous eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks (*) at the beginning and end of the system.

Third system of musical notation, marked 'Trio'. The treble staff contains chords and rests, with dynamic markings *sf*, *sf*, and *p*. The bass staff contains a continuous eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks (*) at the beginning and end of the system.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff contains chords and rests, with dynamic markings *sf*, *sf*, and *p*. The bass staff contains a continuous eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks (*) at the beginning and end of the system.

Primo.

f sf sf p f sf sf p f

*Ped. **

f sf p f sf p mf

*Ped. **

8

f sf p f sf p mf

*Ped. **

8

f sf p f sf p mf

*Ped. **

Trio.

p sf p f sf p mf

Secondo.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It contains several measures of music, including a triplet of eighth notes and a group of sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a series of chords. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) appears in the fourth measure. A pedaling instruction "Ped." is located below the lower staff in the fifth measure, followed by an asterisk.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff contains chords and some melodic fragments. The lower staff contains a series of chords. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) appears in the second measure. Pedaling instructions "Ped." are placed below the lower staff in the second, third, fourth, and fifth measures, each followed by an asterisk.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff contains chords and some melodic fragments. The lower staff contains a series of chords. A dynamic marking of *cres* (crescendo) appears in the fourth measure, indicated by a dashed line. Pedaling instructions "Ped." are placed below the lower staff in the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth measures, each followed by an asterisk.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff contains chords and some melodic fragments. The lower staff contains a series of chords. Dynamic markings *ren* (ritardando), *do* (diminuendo), *f* (forte), *ff* (fortissimo), and *p* (piano) appear in the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth measures respectively. Pedaling instructions "Ped." are placed below the lower staff in the first, second, third, and fourth measures, each followed by an asterisk.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff contains chords and some melodic fragments. The lower staff contains a series of chords. Dynamic markings *f* (forte) and *ff* (fortissimo) appear in the first and second measures respectively. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) appears in the fourth measure. Pedaling instructions "Ped." are placed below the lower staff in the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth measures, each followed by an asterisk.

Primo.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Includes dynamic markings *p* and *f*, and a *Ped.* instruction. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above notes.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Includes multiple *Ped.* instructions. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-4 above notes.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Includes dynamic markings *cres.* and *f*, and *Ped.* instructions. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-4 above notes.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Includes dynamic markings *f*, *ff*, *p*, and *f*, and *Ped.* instructions. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above notes.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Includes dynamic markings *ff*, *sf*, and *mf*, and *Ped.* instructions. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-4 above notes.

Secondo.

p *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

mf *f* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

mf *dim.* *in* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

rit. *uen* *do* *pp* *mf* *f* *ff* *Ped.* *Ped.*

mf *f* *ff* *mf cres.* *cen* *do* *Ped.* *Ped.*

ff *f* *mf* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

Primo

First system of a piano score. The right hand features a series of chords, some marked with an '8' and a dashed line. The left hand plays a melodic line with fingerings (1, 2, 4, 1, 2, 3) and a 'p' dynamic. Pedal markings are present below the staff.

Second system of the piano score. The right hand continues with chords, and the left hand has a melodic line with fingerings (5, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3). Dynamics include 'mf' and 'f'. Pedal markings are present.

Third system of the piano score. The right hand has chords with fingerings (5, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3). The left hand has a melodic line with fingerings (2, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3). Dynamics include 'mf', 'p', 'dim.', and 'in.'. Pedal markings are present.

Fourth system of the piano score. The right hand has chords with fingerings (3, 1, 2, 5, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3). The left hand has a melodic line with fingerings (3, 2, 1, 5, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3). Dynamics include 'ppp', 'ff', and 'ff'. Pedal markings are present.

Fifth system of the piano score. The right hand has chords with fingerings (3, 2, 1, 5, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3). The left hand has a melodic line with fingerings (3, 2, 1, 5, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3). Dynamics include 'ff' and 'ff'. Pedal markings are present.

Sixth system of the piano score. The right hand has chords with fingerings (4, 2, 1, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3). The left hand has a melodic line with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3). Dynamics include 'ff' and 'ff'. Pedal markings are present.

Secondo

First system of musical notation. Dynamics: *sf sf sf sf p sf sf*. Pedal markings: *Ped.* with asterisks.

Second system of musical notation. Dynamics: *sf sf p sf sf mf*. Pedal markings: *Ped.* with asterisks.

Third system of musical notation. Dynamics: *sf sf p sf sf mf*. Pedal markings: *Ped.* with asterisks. Crescendo/Decrescendo markings: *cres...cen*.

Fourth system of musical notation. Dynamics: *sf ff*. Pedal markings: *Ped.* with asterisks. Marking: *do*.

Fifth system of musical notation. Dynamics: *ff sf*. Pedal markings: *Ped.* with asterisks.

8 *Primo.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. *

8

Ped. *

8 *cres. cen. do*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

8

Ped. *

STUDY.

Allegretto ♩ - 160.

Leise und sehr egal zu spielen.

Robert Schumann. Op. 68. No. 14.

A. This piece must be played throughout with lightness, elegance and grace. Special care must be given to the attack of the first and the leaving of the last note of each triplet. Not the slightest break or jar must be noticeable in passing from one hand to the other. The hands must alternate in performing their respective triplets, not unlike those of a skilled juggler tossing a ball back and forth.

B. The small notes in the three measures marked B. are in reality *ossias* intended for large hands. If they are played, the large notes above them should not be played.

Note. This beautiful piece although very simple is often to be found on the concert programmes of the greatest pianists.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In the following studies, all notes or chords marked with an arrow, must be struck from the wrist, otherwise the attack (*attaque* French *ansatz* German) will be clumsy, stiff and hard. After the notes or chords so marked have been struck, a strict *legato* must be preserved throughout, as indicated. By *legato* is meant the keeping down of each key during the full length or time-value of the note, and until the following note is struck. It often occurs that the second of two chords which immediately follow each other should be connected with the first almost *legato*.

To accomplish this, all the fingers of the first chord which are not used to strike the notes of the second chord, should be held down on the notes of the first chord, until the second chord is struck. The fingers so held down form a sort of pivot or fulcrum for the other fingers, which can then strike the following chord with freedom and elasticity. In order to assist the student to distinguish the notes which are to form the pivot and which must be played absolutely *legato*, they have, in these studies been connected by dotted lines with the following chord. Strict attention to these general remarks, and to the notes accompanying each study will lay the foundation of correct and elegant piano playing.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains triplets of eighth notes with fingerings 5, 3, 1. Bass staff contains triplets of eighth notes with fingerings 5, 3, 1. Pedal points are marked below the bass staff. A *dim.* marking is present in the fifth measure.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains triplets of eighth notes with fingerings 5, 3, 1. Bass staff contains triplets of eighth notes with fingerings 5, 3, 1. Pedal points are marked below the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains triplets of eighth notes with fingerings 5, 3, 2. Bass staff contains triplets of eighth notes with fingerings 5, 3, 2. Pedal points are marked below the bass staff. A *B* marking is present in the third measure.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains triplets of eighth notes with fingerings 5, 3, 2. Bass staff contains triplets of eighth notes with fingerings 5, 3, 2. Pedal points are marked below the bass staff.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains triplets of eighth notes with fingerings 5, 3, 2. Bass staff contains triplets of eighth notes with fingerings 5, 3, 2. Pedal points are marked below the bass staff.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains triplets of eighth notes with fingerings 5, 3, 2. Bass staff contains triplets of eighth notes with fingerings 5, 3, 2. Pedal points are marked below the bass staff. A *B* marking is present in the sixth measure.

Eolian Whispers.

Mazurka Caprice

Charles Auchester Op. 31.

Allegretto - 132.

8

sf *p* *p* *pp* *ppp*

Ped. *simili.* *simili.* *Ped.*

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Con eleganza.

First system of musical notation for "Con eleganza." The treble staff contains a series of eighth-note and sixteenth-note patterns with fingerings (1-5) indicated above the notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present in the first measure. Pedal points are marked below the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation for "Con eleganza." The treble staff continues the melodic patterns with fingerings. The bass staff accompaniment includes chords and single notes. A crescendo (*cres.*) marking is present in the sixth measure. Pedal points are marked below the bass staff.

Giocoso.

Third system of musical notation for "Giocoso." The treble staff features more complex rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, with fingerings. The bass staff accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present in the fourth measure. Pedal points are marked below the bass staff.

Fourth system of musical notation for "Giocoso." The treble staff continues with intricate melodic lines and fingerings. The bass staff accompaniment includes chords and single notes. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present in the fourth measure. Pedal points are marked below the bass staff.

Fifth system of musical notation for "Giocoso." The treble staff features a long, flowing melodic line with many fingerings. The bass staff accompaniment includes chords and single notes. A crescendo (*cres.*) marking is present in the third measure. Pedal points are marked below the bass staff.

This page of musical notation is for a piano piece, likely in a minor key given the presence of flats. It consists of six systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The notation includes various musical elements:

- System 1:** Features a melodic line in the treble with eighth-note patterns and a supporting bass line. Fingerings (3, 5, 3, 5, 3, 4, 3, 5, 3, 4, 3, 5, 3, 4, 3) are indicated above the notes. A dynamic marking of *pp* is present. The word *simili.* appears below the system.
- System 2:** Continues the melodic and bass lines. A *ppp* dynamic marking is used. The word *simili.* appears again. A *Ped.* (pedal) marking is present at the beginning of the system.
- System 3:** Shows more complex melodic passages with slurs and ties. A *Ped.* marking is present. A measure rest with a '7' is indicated.
- System 4:** Features a melodic line with slurs and ties, and a bass line with chords. A *p* dynamic marking is present. Multiple *Ped.* markings are used throughout the system.
- System 5:** Continues the melodic and bass lines with slurs and ties. Multiple *Ped.* markings are used. A *cres.* (crescendo) marking is present.
- System 6:** The final system on the page, featuring a melodic line with slurs and ties, and a bass line with chords. Multiple *Ped.* markings are used. A *f* (forte) dynamic marking is present at the end.

The notation is highly detailed, with many slurs, ties, and fingerings, suggesting a technically demanding piece. The overall structure is a single melodic line with a supporting bass line, typical of a solo piano work.

cantabile

Ped. Ped. Ped. 5 1 3 Ped. 5 1 2 Ped. Ped. Ped. 5 1 3 Ped. *

Giocoso.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *

cantabile.

Ped. Ped. Ped. 5 1 3 Ped. 5 1 2 Ped. Ped. Ped. 5 1 3 Ped. *

Repeat from B to B then go to the finale

FINALE.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Ped.

MARTHA.

(Flotow.)

Carl Sidus Op.135.

Allegro ♩ — 144.*dolce.*

The second time the right hand an octave higher.

First system of musical notation. The right hand (treble clef) features a melodic line with various fingerings (1-5) and a dynamic marking of *p*. The left hand (bass clef) provides a steady accompaniment. The system concludes with a first ending bracket labeled '1.' and a second ending bracket labeled '2.'.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues the melodic line with fingerings and a dynamic marking of *f*. The left hand accompaniment remains consistent. The system ends with a final cadence.

'Tis the last Rose of Summer
Andante ♩ = 55.

First system of musical notation for 'Tis the last Rose of Summer'. The right hand (treble clef) has a melodic line with fingerings and a dynamic marking of *p*. The left hand (bass clef) features a triplet accompaniment. The system ends with a first ending bracket labeled '31'.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues the melodic line with fingerings. The left hand accompaniment continues with triplets. The system ends with a first ending bracket labeled '31'.

Third system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with fingerings and dynamic markings of *f*, *fp*, and *p*. The left hand accompaniment continues with triplets. The system concludes with a final cadence.

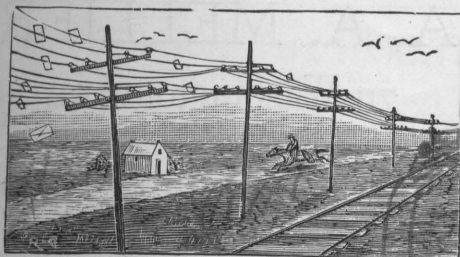
Allegro ♩ —132.

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in two systems. The first system contains the first six measures of the piece. The second system contains the remaining six measures, ending with a double bar line. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the melody. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'cres' (crescendo) and 'p' (piano), and articulation markings like 'do.' (do). The piece concludes with a final chord in the bass clef.

A musical score for a piano piece titled "The Rose Tree". The score is written for a grand piano, with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace on the left. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes with various fingerings indicated by numbers 1-5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *cres*, *cen*, *do.*, *f*, and *p*. The piece concludes with a final chord in the bass staff.

[illegible]

The image shows a musical score for 'The Merry Widow' by Franz Lehár. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/4. The score begins with a piano introduction marked 'ff' (fortissimo). The introduction features a series of chords and arpeggios, with fingerings indicated by numbers 1 through 5. The waltz section begins with a key signature change to one sharp and includes a 'ff' marking. The waltz is characterized by a series of chords and arpeggios, with fingerings indicated by numbers 1 through 5. The score is written in a style typical of early 20th-century musical notation.



CORRESPONDENCE.

CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, O., January 24th, 1884.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:

We are evidently on the verge of a big opera fight. The clans are gathering their forces, and striving to gather in the "sinews"—the ducats of the people. What the result will be remains to be seen. I question whether the management will make much more than expenses. Already for the "benefit of art," there is some mud being thrown, and before the war closes there will more be daubed on some one. Abbey has Music Hall, a large number of artists, and the prestige (if such it can be called) of continuing "our Annual Opera Festival." On the other hand, Mapleson has the Patti and Josie Jones. Yorkie will prove a strong power here. Besides these attractions Mapleson's Company will render the opera in Hauck's New Opera House, which is one of the handsomest in the country, and in every way superior to our great Music Hall for seeing and hearing. To tell the truth I have not really enjoyed the opera, Grand Opera, since the inauguration of our so-called Opera Festival at Music Hall. That place is too large, and it is a big "ad" for our "Musical Centre." Large numbers of seats have been sold and thousands of dollars have been paid into the coffers of the rival managements, but I think the mere fact that it is possible to bring two Italian Opera Companies into our city at the same time, augurs well for the persons who have to pay for the delicious treat only to be obtained through opera. It bodes good to us, but not to the stars; inasmuch, as the fear that a rival company may come in to share profits, will tend to deter managements in the future from paying or agreeing to pay fabulous prices to the stars. Another good accruing to the denizens of this musical centre will be the dispelling of the illusion, that any one man is necessary to the carrying out of any idea that has taken hold of a people. In former years to read the rules for the chorus of the May Festival, and a prospectus of an opera manager was to hear that the chorus were cattle, and the persons who were to hear the opera were slaves who, if they appreciated the favors done them, would get down on their knees and give thanks that they were graciously permitted to pay their money to princes of the royal blood. These managers appear to forget that the chorus is the festival, and that the people who work for their money are the backbone of opera festivals. Arthur Mees is out with an article on the claims of this city as a musical centre. He is inclined to doubt the validity of our claims, and cites the fact that our chamber concerts, orchestra concerts and choral concerts are not well patronized, to prove the truth of his statement. While there is undoubtedly a great deal of genuine musical talent in this town, it is hampered and fettered by the one-is-afraid-and-the-other-dar's-nt spirit. That is, those who really like and can render very acceptably, much of the simpler class of music are afraid to do so, lest the "art students!" look down on them for not being classical, and in turn these classical artists drive us crazy with their all-technique and non-musical concerts. Professor A. Nembach's new opera "Sichelhagen," (Harvest Home) is to be soon rendered in English. Professor Nembach has every reason to be proud of its reception New Year's Eve, at a private rendition at the rooms of the Phenix Club—one of the most prominent and fashionable Jewish clubs of our city. The surprised choir of St. Paul's Episcopal Church has been fairly inaugurated and pronounced a success. The church has been remodeled and is now the most beautiful church in the city. All the decorations are symbolical. Mr. Herman Auer of our city has compiled a selection of male quartettes, entitled "Apollo Collection of Male Quartettes." Mr. Auer has levied upon the Scandinavian, German, Italian, Spanish, French and English composers, and all the arrangements are correct and in good taste. The Geo. D. Newhall Co. publish it.

Mr. James Vincent, for many years organist in some of our city churches, has removed with his family to Galveston, Tex., in the hope that his health will be benefited by that climate. He has the best wishes of his many friends.

Mr. D. H. Baldwin one of our prominent piano dealers is quite ill. For some time there were serious doubts of his recovery. Mr. T. J. Sullivan has recovered sufficiently to be out again. Trade is not by any means what was expected, or what it ought to be. The opera festivals will help local trade, but Cincinnati local trade would not keep a fair-sized music house alive.

BOSTON.

CAMELOT.

BOSTON, January 17th, 1884.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:

More opera. After Mapleson's rather disastrous season, came Abbey with his troupe. At the beginning it seemed as if the same ill-fortune was to hover over the new arrival as over the departing colonel. It would certainly have been deserved, for the first week was taken up wholly with the tiresome old repertoire which must have been ancient when the opera was invented. *Lucia*, *Faust*, *Sonnambula*, *Trovatore*, and other works equally shop-worn, were presented to the audiences who had heard the same kind of hackneyed melodies only the week before. The troupe too, although somewhat more varied than Mapleson's, had many serious defects which rendered a reasonable ensemble impossible. There were no tenors, and there were no dramatic bosses. Stagno's voice has a thin acrid quality which is only exasperating to the musical auditor, and Campanini struggles along with the remnants of a once noble voice in a manner that only reminds of bygone glories. I hope in his case however that the trouble is only temporary. I cannot speak of Signor Kaschmann's voice, for it was not audible. Once or twice indeed it seemed about to burst forth, but Signor Vianesi turned on the full brass at him, and he gave up his laudable intention. Novara was hard and unemotional in the bass parts. The chief success of the troupe was Sembrich, who seems to be a really musicianly soprano, one of the few who really feel and understand their

music as well as execute it. All through the first week, save when *Faust* and *Mignon* were given, the audiences were very slim, so that this *diva's* greatest success—in *Lucia*—was not witnessed by many people; but the public soon learned that a new star had arisen, and that the Sembrich nights were not "off nights," so that the appearance in the *Barbiere* became an absolute ovation. She is not a great actress, unfortunately, but her ease in *coloratur* singing, and the purity of her highest notes are calculated to make an audience enthusiastic.

Nilsson is no longer as easy in brilliant vocalization as she has been, and her *emboupoint* works against her in some roles, yet she is thoroughly dramatic in all her work, and in *Gioconda* won a triumph. If we add Valleria and Fursch-Madi, both excellent *prime donne* to the list of sopranos, and the ever great Scalchi to the altos, and the brilliant, dashing Del Puente to the barytones, we have mentioned every good point in Mr. Abbey's troupe. Yet stay, the orchestra is one of the strongest we have heard in American representations of opera, and is well directed by Signor Vianesi, who, however, has the Italian habit of running away with himself and with his orchestra at all exciting points, and also of becoming too emphatic at times. The second week gave a much more interesting repertoire than the first, but the ensembles were never up to high water mark. *La Gioconda* by Ponchielli was the only absolute novelty. This opera, although not comparable to the latest works of Verdi, is yet in advance of many of the Italian school. The composer has the gift of melody, but does not thrust it forward in the tawdry manner of Verdi in his earlier operas, but uses it in skillful combinations and dramatic contrasts. Such, for example are the duet of *Gioconda* and *La Cieca* against the religious music of the first act; the stern denunciation of Alvisé in condemning his wife to death combined with a playful *barcarolle* movement in the third act, and the despairing solo of *La Gioconda*, against the same serenade in the last act. The work suffers from having a very complex, improbable and immoral libretto, although perhaps the last two qualities do not hurt it, since so many of this school of works deal with dramatic impossibilities and delicate subjects. In the first two acts the influence of other composers on Ponchielli is plainly shown. One feels like greeting every number as an old acquaintance. In the third act, however, the composer begins to become more original, and the ballet music of this portion, if not so remarkable as that of Rubinstein or Saint Saëns, is still a dainty and acceptable bit of work. The last act is, taken altogether, the best of the opera, and *Gioconda's* final song, full of a wild, fierce, but affected gaiety, is a remarkably effective number. The weakest act is perhaps the second where the Campana school of thirds and sixths, and the worn out devices of brusque sailor songs are constantly present.

During the opera season other concerts thinned out, but the Boston Symphony Orchestra kept on its usual course. I was sorry to see that the opera had a very perceptible effect on the size of the audiences, even though the programmes were highly interesting. At the last of these concerts Beethoven's 5th Symphony was given. Mr. Henschel gave a very bad performance of this work last year, and was able to retrieve the mistake this year, although there was still room for improvement in the attacks of the first movement.

I wish that matinees could be prohibited by law, or that no critic should be obliged to attend them before reviding them. The chase for worldly wealth has prevented me from attending some very fine matinees recently. Amy Marcy Cheney, the young pianist of whom I have before spoken gave a fine programme on the 9th inst., at which she fully bore out the promise of her debut. Mr. Otto Bendix gave another chamber concert at which Saint Saëns' quatuor for piano and strings was given in excellent style. Mr. Geo. E. Whitney has just concluded a series of organ concerts which have been the best given in Boston for years. I wonder that the two last named find any time to give concerts, for they are constantly occupied in teaching at the New England Conservatory of Music, where their services are in great demand. The Conservatory, by the way, has also been giving its regular quota of concerts, but these are so numerous that I cannot speak of them in detail. The students there are just now in the especial state of activity caused by the approach of the quarterly concerts, and examinations. Some of the students may join Dr. Tourjee's next excursion party to Europe, which promises to have more than usual art and musical interest this year, since Leipzig, Dresden, Stuttgart, etc., are to be visited. Mr. L. C. Elson who was a member of the party last season will go again the coming summer, and write his usual European letters.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, ILL., January 30, 1884.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:

I need not tell your readers that Chicago has the honor just now, of entertaining the three greatest of prima donnas (at least so the managers say) of the present time, and as accident would have it, all in the same hotel, the Grand Pacific—Patti, Nilsson and Gerster. I need not, for the papers near and far have chronicled this historical fact, and how we appreciate it is shown by the attendance at both theatres; Col. Mapleson, at McVickers and Abbey at Haverly's. A great deal is being said pro and con about the two organizations. From personal observation I must admit that the Mapleson troupe is the most satisfactory of the two, musically and "on general principles"—Abbey has been severely criticised as a conscienceless speculator, is accused of using the "divine art" as a "milk cow" which he drains to fill his deep pockets, and still meets with financial disasters. The *Indicator* prefaces a lengthy article as follows:

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All our dailies write in the same strain, and in spite of these paragraphs people flock into a theatre filling it to more than its capacity; a building which is condemned as a "fire trap" besides. We Chicagoans are a strange people indeed. Mapleson, at McVicker's promises a superior season and the last three nights have so far substantiated his claims. I cannot go into details as to repertoires, artists and other matters of interest, the room not permitting. You will soon be able to judge for yourselves in St. Louis, how far my assertions are verified. I will add that Nilsson in "Faust" and Patti in "Crispino e la Comare" have so far made the greatest success. Campanini has been "unwell," Copoul taking his place; Signor Nicolini is well spoken of, Scalchi and Sembrich are highly praised and the orchestras (especially Abbey's) have been found as "insufficient" in ability—the choruses are "indifferent." Prices are "way up," many tickets for Patti nights have been sold at \$20 each. This opera craze has brought a delightful "change" from the usually "high-worded" criticisms, by shortly noting the play and players, and adding, in the way of a two-column article "who was there," how they,

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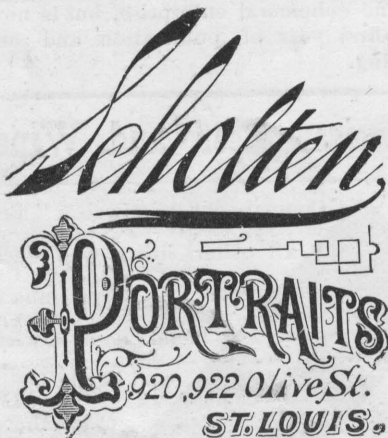
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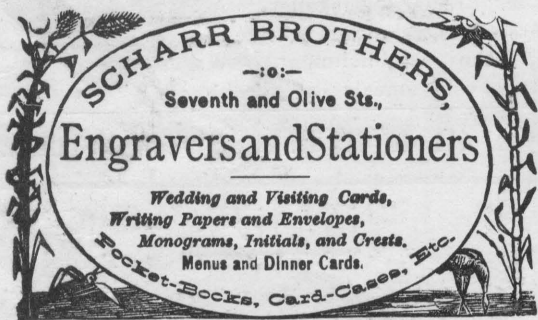


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(the audience) were "dressed," "how they behaved," etc., etc. (see Chicago Daily News). It is oppressive to notice in these "criticisms" the absence of musical names. We do not find it stated, that Professor So-and-So, or Miss So-and-So the "well known teachers" were seen in the "gallery;" instead of this, we only read the names of "the butcher and the baker and the candle-stick maker," who occupied the boxes and dress-circle." In other words, those who could enjoy the music, cannot afford to go, for "art and wealth" do not dwell in harmony together, and the real, genuine artist is not made to amass a fortune, especially if he be a composer. Such is life. Speaking to one of our leading pianists a few days ago, I asked him the cause of the total disappearance of "concerts." He tells me piano playing is becoming so common that people will only go on a "free ticket." This seems to be a fact here. This dearth of concerts is very discouraging to American talent, and the writer of this, having watched "popular taste" closely, notices that people will go to "a comic opera," a variety or minstrel performance, rather than listen to a meritorious concert. Times, I hope, will change, and a new era soon dawn, as long as variety halls are crowded and concert halls are empty there is no progress in music in spite of "Musical Normals."

The Chicago Church Choir Co. has just returned from an extended trip west. The success has not been flattering, especially "financially."

The "Fay Templeton Opera Co." has drawn immense houses at the Criterion Theatre week before last, giving "Olivette," the "Mascotte," and "La Belle Coquette," a new opera (not comic—rather spectacular) by Audran, which did not make a great impression. "Rosita," or "Cupid and Cupidity," is in active preparation and will be heard in Chicago in March.

The Children's Chorus, under the direction of Mr. Tomlins, gave a first concert Thursday last, and the singing of six hundred children was a novelty, both instructive and pleasing. Mr. Seeboeck's concert, for the benefit of his new comic opera, "The Missing Link" was a financial failure, and the prospects for its production by Hess look as gloomy as the libretto of this alleged "comic opera." Mr. Geo. Sweet is now in our city, located at Weber Music Hall, teaching. He is meeting with flattering success, and certainly deserves it.

Trade is very dull. The Julius Bauer & Co. factory (Pianos) now employs sixty skilled workmen, and the instruments (chiefly uprights) turned out by this firm are magnificent instruments and should please the most cultivated taste. The Weber piano rooms, Whitney's, Reed's Temple of Music, all do but little. W. W. Kimball's organ factory is running full time. The Howland piano-case factory was sold by the Sheriff a few days ago. Mr. Whitney denies the report that he intends discontinuing the Chicago branch this spring; his new Theatre, the "Standard," is doing a big business, Lyon & Healy exhibit in their show-window a model of a "patent resonator sounding board" (Lyon's patent). Mr. Fest, a gentleman lately embarked in the piano business, advertises, "Pianos cheaper than ever sold anywhere." I wonder who makes them? Charles Avery Wells of the *Musical Critic and Trade Review* (N. Y.) is in town, reporting business with him on the increase. I am glad of it. I am convinced that a few good Musical Journals do more good than all the "Musical Normals" in Christendom or anywhere else, for "words are things that last forever." LAKE SHORE.

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, CANADA, January 21st, 1884.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:

Since writing you last I have the pleasure to submit you my monthly report for January, 1884.

Queen's Hall. December 20th the Mendelssohn Choir gave a concert to a full house at this Hall. Amongst the sacred numbers selected was Mendelssohn's "Ave Maria" in eight parts, which received a fitting interpretation. Mrs. Osgood being somewhat indisposed, she was unable to do herself thorough justice. Her rendering of Raff's "Serenade" was so charming that she had to be called again, and sang "Disappointment," a ballad by Miss Hood, with as much success as the previous one. Mr. Hilton presided at the organ and Mr. Gould led the choir.

Theatre Royal (J. B. Sparrow, Manager). "Harry Miner's Comedy Four" was presented at the Royal to good houses on the 24th, 25th and 26th of December last.

The so long talked of "Her Majesty's Grand Opera Company," with Patti, the *prima donna*, arrived in Montreal on the 23d of December, and appeared before good houses on the 24th, 26th and 29th of December. Mme. Adelina Patti appeared in "La Traviata" with thunders of applause. Then on the 29th "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mme. Etelka Gerster, accompanied by Signor Vicini, Signor Gallassi, Signor Lombardelli, Signor de Vaschetti, and Mlle. Valerga. The way in which Her Majesty's Company rendered the above operas was such as to prove that Mapleson in no wise exaggerates the strength of the organization he has got together. If any *ensemble* of artists is able to give grand opera as it should be given, it is Colonel Mapleson's company, and though results in a pecuniary sense have not been as satisfactory to those who had sufficient enterprise to bring such an opera company here as they could have wished, it is to be hoped that they will not feel discouraged, and that we may look forward, as has been hinted, to future representations by similarly capable aggregations, under the auspices of the great *impresario* at prices somewhat less suggestive of a grasping desire for shillings. We do not blame the management for the mistake in regard to the prices; they were over confident as to the figures Montreal people would pay to hear grand opera. Our theatre-going public is not yet educated to the exorbitant charges to which New Yorkers are forced to submit, and they think twice before they expend \$7 to hear even Patti.

Academy of Music. "A Parisian Romance" was produced at the Academy before a large and critical audience on the 17th of December, with Richard Mansfield in the principal role—"Baron de Chevalier."

At the midnight mass, on Christmas eve, at the French Cathedral, the choir, with Rev. Mr. Durocher as leader, sang "Mozart's First Mass," with full orchestra, to a crowded church. The principal soloists were Messrs. Cholette, Lafamme, Buisson and some school boys. Harry Lacy's company played the "Planter's Wife" to a very large audience on the 1st of January. The play is a particularly strong one, and in the hands of a good company.

Theatre Royal. A fair audience greeted the re-appearance of Miss Ada Gray at the Theatre Royal on the 7th of January, in the dual role of Lady Isabel and Madame Vine, in the intensely emotional play of "East Lynne" or the "Elopement." The play affords many opportunities for fine acting, which were generally taken advantage of by Miss Ada Gray. The support all through was very good.

Harry F. Weed's Company in the "Power of Money" attracted large audiences throughout the week of January 8th. Since

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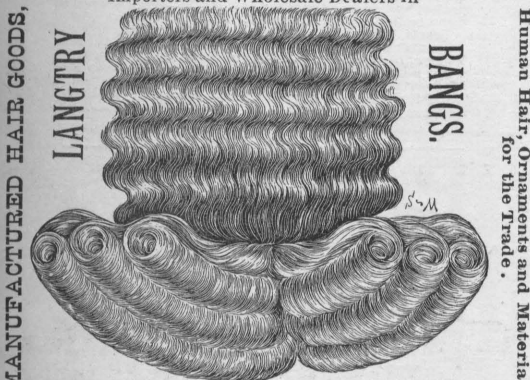
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the 14th of January the Theatre Royal has been leased by Mr. Jacobs, in partnership with Mr. Sparrow, and is thrown open to the public as a ten-cents show.

On January 29th, Maurice Grau's French Opera Company will give a season of operas to Montreal people.

As I think it will interest your American people, who may wish to come to Montreal on carnival week, I enclose you an official programme of the doings of the days. You can publish it if you wish.

Wishing you the compliments of the season,
I remain yours truly,

FERD. PAGÉ.

We publish the programme in question so that "our American people," especially in the South and West, may see the nature of the winter sports of the Dominion.

MONDAY, Feb. 4. *Morning and Afternoon*—Grand Hockey Tournament on out-door Skating Rink. *Evening*—Inauguration of Ice Palace on Dominion Square, illuminated by electric light, with pyrotechnic displays every evening during the week. Special illumination of the grounds of the Montreal Tobogganing Club, Sherbrook Street West. Hockey match at Victoria Skating Rink.

TUESDAY, Feb. 5. *Morning*—Commencement of Curling Bonspiel. Hockey Tournament continued. Contractors' Drive and Banquet. *Afternoon*—Snow-Shoe Races, Montreal Lacrosse Grounds. *Evening*—Fifteen Mile Race, Victoria Skating Rink. Fancy Dress Carnival, Crystal Skating Rink. Grand Opening and Illumination of the Tuque Bleue Toboggan Club Grounds, Sherbrook Street.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 6—CIVIC HOLIDAY AND GRAND GALA DAY OF CARNIVAL. *Morning*—Skating and Promenade Concert, Victoria Skating Rink. Trotting races at Driving Park. Curling Bonspiel continued. Hockey Tournament continued. *Afternoon*—Grand Sleighing Parade, marshalled on Dominion Square. Lacrosse, the national game of Canada, on Skates. *Evening*—Grand Torchlight procession of Snow-Shoe clubs of the city and vicinity, and impromptu concert on return. Attack and defence of the Ice Palace, with special display of fireworks.

THURSDAY, Feb. 7. *Morning*—Curling Bonspiel continued. Hockey Tournament continued. *Afternoon*—Trotting Races at Driving Park continued. Snow-Shoe Steeple Chase over Mount Royal. *Evening*—Grand Fancy Dress Carnival at Victoria Skating Rink.—Ice Temple, Grotto and Fountains. Groups of skaters will illustrate the chief historical celebrities of Canada, the leading pursuits and the principal sports of the Dominion.

FRIDAY, Feb. 8. *Morning*—Hockey Tournament continued. Curling Bonspiel continued. Skating and Promenade Concert at Victoria Rink. *Afternoon*—Trotting Races continued. Races and Games on the out-door Skating Rink. *Evening*—Grand Ball at the Windsor Hotel. Skating competition, Ten Mile Race, Crystal Skating Rink. Races and Games, Victoria Skating Rink. Grand Opening and Illumination of the Grounds of the Park Toboggan Club, Mount Royal.

SATURDAY, Feb. 9. *Morning*—Termination of Hockey Tournament and Curling Bonspiel. *Afternoon*—Montreal Snow-Shoe Club Annual Games on Lacrosse Grounds. Meet of the Montreal Tandem Club on Dominion Square. *Evening*—Hockey Match, Victoria Rink. Grand Pyrotechnic display at Ice Palace. Special Illumination of Toboggan Hills.

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Hamlet (Act I., sc. 4).

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On no account remove the foot from the loud pedal when playing.

The excellence of pianoforte playing is in proportion to the degree of loudness attained.

If you should happen to play softly, always slacken the time.

When asked to play, take your seat at the piano and say: "Do you know a little piece by so-and-so? I don't think I remember it but it goes something like this," and then play the piece you have been working at for the last month.

Whenever you happen to break down say you have lost your place; if you have no music before you, stop and say you are very sorry but you forget the remainder.

FOR THE VIOLINIST.

Always work the bowing arm from the shoulder. Acquire great dexterity in manipulation; tone is of minor importance.

The use of rosin is a bad habit. Don't adopt it.

It is a great mistake to tune a violin oftener than once a month. It ought not to require it, and such indulgence only gets the instrument into bad habits.

Keep the violin in a cool, moist place. The bow should occasionally be dipped in the best lubricating oil. It makes it work smoothly, and prevents the hair from falling off.

FOR THE ORGANIST.

Play the pedals with the left foot only and use the heel as little as possible.

A pleasing effect can often be obtained by drawing the stops only about half out.

Always use the "mixtures" alone.

Be careful to keep steadily pumping the swell pedal whilst playing.

Vary the stops every few bars.

Extemporize frequently: in accordance with the laws of harmony, if possible, but in any case extemporize.

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FOR THE SINGER.
 A continuous *glissando* from one note to another has an agreeable effect.
 The sound should come through the nostrils. It improves the quality.
 Dwell on the consonants as much as possible—especially on the final s.
 Open your mouth as wide as you can with safety to your jaw.
 Study well the art of posing, and, if a lady, acquire a certain sweet, simpering, pouting smile, for use in tender passages in conjunction with raised eyebrows and half-closed eyes.

FOR THE COMPOSER.
 To get an original inspiration, examine the works of other composers.
 First write your music in an easy key, and then transpose it into the most difficult and awkward one you can find.
 Insert plenty of chords which it is impossible for anyone, not possessed of the hands of a giant, to play.
 Always remember, the more difficult the music the greater the genius of the composer.
 Give each of your works a foreign title, for you will thereby be credited with a knowledge of the languages from which the words are taken.
 Never admit the superiority of any other composer, whether living or dead.

FOR THE CONDUCTOR.
 Take lessons in swimming and carpet beating.
 Confine your attention to your toilet to cuffs, collar, gloves, and back hair.
 Tap vigorously on the desk and give a prolonged "hush!" in all soft passages. It draws the attention of the audience from the music to the conductor.
 At the conclusion of each piece, wipe your forehead—whether it needs it or not.
 Scowl occasionally on the man with the double-bass, and, directly the drummer comes in with his part, wave your left hand violently in his direction: it keeps down their vanity.
 If you wear long hair, throw it back by a graceful swing of the head, at the end of all the difficult passages, for it will remind the audience that all the merit is yours.

FOR THE CRITIC.
 Find out the popular opinion and say nearly the opposite.
 Get a good stock of adjectives, learn how to "gush," and (if you are sure you have time,) study music a little.
 If you want to please the profession generally, announce your supreme contempt for Wagner and all his works: if you wish to get the good opinion of amateurs, utter panegyrics on him.
 Abuse other critics.
 Always call music "the divine and melodious art."
 If you have a second-cousin a fiddler, praise his performance on every possible occasion. You will probably receive a substantial hamper from him at Christmas, or an invitation to accompany him on his starring tour.
 If a composer be unknown, you are safe in condemning him.
 If a piece performed is by one of the great masters, say it is "one of his most characteristic compositions," and speak of it as "well known to all lovers of music," though you never heard of it before.
 When tickets are given to you for concerts, etc., sell them to your friends, and write your criticisms at your fireside. You will thus avoid the inconvenience of rushing for your last train.—H. E. D., in *London Musical World*.

STORY to good to be kept a secret has leaked out concerning a Japanese student, who was at one time pursuing a course of study at Yale College as a beneficiary of the Japanese government. He had become so "fast" in his ways, that the faculty were unable to decide what to do with him. They did not like to "suspend" a beneficiary of the government, and it seemed impossible to find a place where he might "rusticate" for a while, as no family of repute would care to take him on account of his habits. As a last resort they determined to write to the home government, making a plain statement of the case, and asking what they should do with the offending beneficiary. The letter was written asking for directions. The next steamship from Japan after the arrival of the message brought the laconic answer: "Kill him at once."

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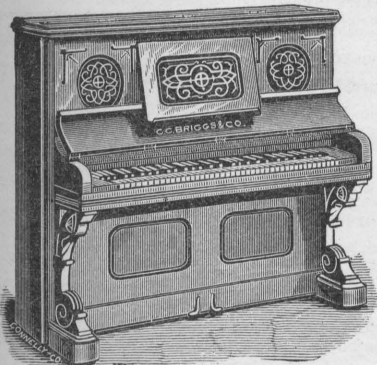


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ETERNAL GOODNESS.

I know not what the future hath,
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works by faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

HOW TO SELECT A MUSIC TEACHER.

PARENTS, as a rule, need no advice on this subject, and it is one of no especial importance, since a musical education costs from five hundred to five thousand dollars. This is a small matter, especially to those parents whose income does not exceed fifteen dollars per week.

The usual course pursued is about as follows: Buy a poor piano, the cheaper the better. It pays better to buy a piano for two hundred and ninety-five dollars—just five dollars less than three hundred—that will be constantly out of tune, and in less than six months be so changed and worn out that it will shock and dwarf all the musical feelings your child may have for music. The main thing is to have something that looks like a piano. The tone should not be considered. There are many disadvantages in buying a good piano. It will cost from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars more to start with, will not get out of tune so often, and it will take from ten to fifteen years to wear it out. This will prevent you from exchanging your poor piano at the end of two or three years—when you cannot endure it any longer—for another poor piano, and paying from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars difference. Once you have the piano, then the next thing is a teacher. The most popular way—and of course the best way—is to ask your little girl whom she likes best. As soon as you have found out, go at once and engage her to give the lessons. If it is Miss Pretension who lives next door, it is all the better. She may be poor and need your charity. Avoid, by all means, all inquiries or considerations as to Miss Pretension's ability or experience. Such inquiries should not be made until two or three years later. This will give you an opportunity to fully exercise your charity for Miss Pretension, and give her time to totally obliterate any natural love for music your child may have had. It is now about time for you to employ a good teacher,—the one who has had the proper training and experience, and can show unquestionable results; the teacher who does not "know enough," but the one who takes the leading music journals, attends State and National Music Teachers' Associations when he possibly can; in short, one who embraces every opportunity to improve, and learn the best methods. When you employ the good teacher, you will find the first thing to be done will be to undo what Miss Pretension has done, and bring if possible, into life what natural love for music your child may have had. Do not think it an easy task to eradicate the evil effects of those two or three years of the worst of all torture and punishment,—practicing from two to three hours a day with the mind in France, or anywhere but where it ought to be. There is always one of two reasons why your child has to be driven to practice. One is, no natural love for music; the other is, a poor teacher. It is easy to see what should be done in either case. A child with no natural love for music should not be compelled to learn it. A poor teacher should be exchanged for a good one. Do not think it anything less than punishment for your child to practice from two to three hours a day for two or three weeks on the same "piece" without the slightest mental effort or occupation, as is too often the case. Purposeless, meaningless, listless, useless practice. I ask the question, and await the answer. How many pupils are ever taught that most important of all things,—how to practice? How many pupils will practice properly, intelligently, unless taught how?—W. F. HEATH, in *Folio*.



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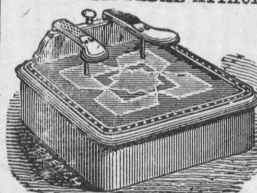
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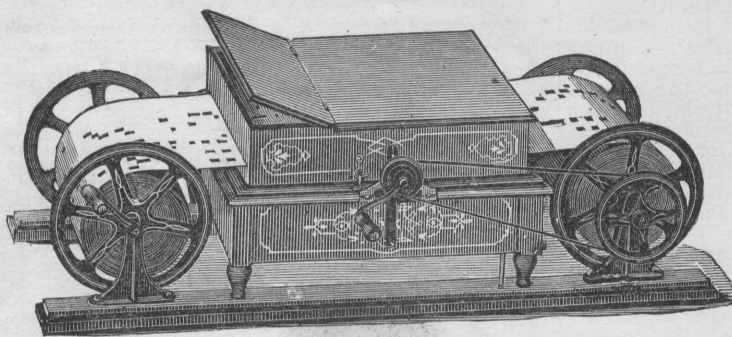
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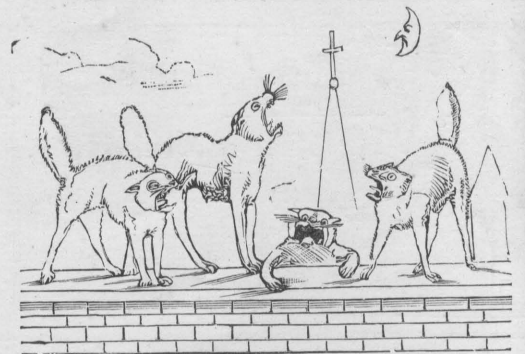
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It is a scene with beauty filled
Lust-flowers round garden statues languish;
Count What's his-name is sabred, killed—
The audience is bowed with anguish.
Th' event all pleasure seems to drown
Throughout the house, while faster, faster,
The saline tear doth trickle down
The female cheek of alabaster.
Their looks denote the wish that he
The fatal sabre-blow had parried,
Especially when they see
Him off the stage by supers carried.
But while they look demure and meek
As pensive nuns in sacred cloisters,
The Count meandered, so to speak,
Around the corner for some oysters.—R. K. M.

A SLIPPERY singer—Grisi.

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A COMPOSER hens do not like—Couperin.

CHIEF musician among the goats—Bück.

A COMPOSER who must be a Quaker—Hatton.

AN airess—the women who goes up in a balloon.

NOTES that cannot be counterfeited—Sembrich's.

NOTES discounted—music sold to "teachers" and the trade.

CAN four lady postal clerks rightly be called a mail quartette.

THE household that keeps a baby can afford to sell its alarm clock very cheap.

AN Irish doctor lately sent his bill to a lady as follows: "To curing your husband till he died."

"NO! ALGERNON, dear, I say that the boy shall not be brought up on the bottle. Look at its grandpa's nose!"

A GENTLEMAN named his dog "Penny," because it was one sent to him, and has had ten mills with a cat."

THERE are some men who so dislike their fellow-beings that they'll bring up their children to be music-teachers

A WAG suggests that a suitable opening for many choirs should be, "Lord, have mercy on us, miserable singers."

"THIS is slushous," said the young man who stood in the wet snow up to his knees and kissed the hired girl over the back fence.

A DETROIT man was surprised the other day to find the telephone could talk French. He said he thought it was an English invention.

THAT was a bright state prison chaplain who, when asked by a friend how his parishioners were, replied, "All under conviction."—*Waltham Record*.

"A SENSES-TAKER?" said the old lady; "waal there's me an' Jeremiah, an' Sarah Ann, an' that's all, 'cept Jim, an' he's a fool an' aint got no senses to take."

"MY son is a great mechanical genius," said a lady, speaking of her son. "He has made a fiddle out of his own head and has plenty of wood left for another."

"ANNIE, is it proper to say this 'ere, that are?" "Why; Kate, of course not." "Well, I don't know whether it is proper or not, but I feel cold in this ear from that air."

"O Ethel, Ee-eth-el-l! I offer you my hand!" "So I observe, Edwin." "And you will take it?" "Hard—that is, not muchly." "And why, beloved one?" "Cause its dirty."

IN EXTREMES—Pat (in a dreadfully dilapidated condition); "De ye buy rags and bones here?" Merchant: "We do, sir." Pat: "Thin, be jabers' put me on the schkales!"

IT is rumored that the ex-Supreme Executive Magistrate of Massachusetts has just written a new song, entitled "It may be four years, and it may be forever."—*Boston Times*.

PHILIM (to tourist who had taken shelter in a leaky shebeen).—"Dade and it's soaked to the bone you'll be gittin' wid the shtrames through the roof. Come outside, sorr—it's dryer in the wet."

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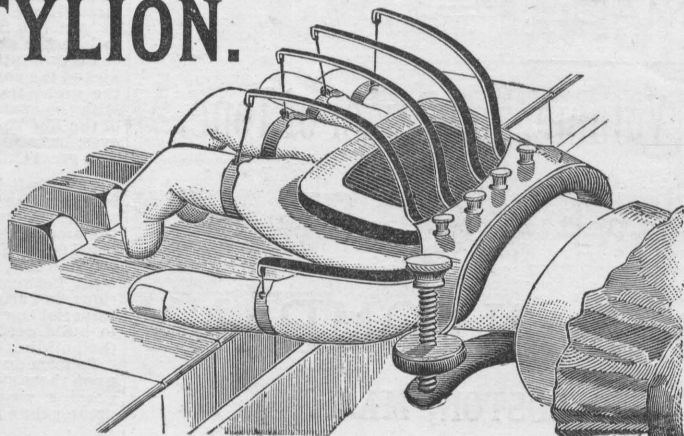
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BULKINS, in referring to the time when his wife complimented him, says the fire needed replenishing, and she pointed toward the fire-place with a commanding air and said, "Peter, the grate."

THE Rev. Thomas K. Beecher is responsible for the following bit of advice: If your wife objects to kissing you because you smoke, simply remark that you know some girl who will. That settles it."

ART CRITIC (who has been treated liberally by his host, who in return requests his opinion of a favorite picture)—"Yesh, (hie) mosh nashural (hie) 'ver saw; waves are (hie) actually in mo- (hie) shun."

THE proprietor of the Budweiser restaurant told one of his waiters he would make a good clairvoyant: "Because," he explained, "you know more when you are asleep than when you are awake."

"WHAT'S fame?" yelled an excited orator. "What's fame! that ghost of ambition! What's honor?" And a weak-minded man in the crowd said he supposed she had clothes on her, as any durned fool ought to know.

MISS SOPRANO (who has just finished playing)—"Did I drop any notes John?"

Her Cousin (from the rural districts).—"No, not as I knows on, but I'll look under the planny an' see."

MISS MULOCK says that bear and forbear are the two bears of matrimony. Bluffers says she makes a mistake in her addition. Bear and four bears, he argues, are the five bears of matrimony, not to speak of the little troubles constantly bruin.

PRIGSBY—"I—a—confess I do not care for Mozart. He's—a too tuney for me?" Miss Smart (innocently)—"Dear me! And is that—a—the result of a defective ear, in your case, or is it merely for want of proper training?" Utter collapse of Prigsby.

"AND how is your neighbor, Mrs. Brown?" inquired one nicely dressed lady of another. "She's well enough, I suppose. I haven't seen her to speak to her for six weeks." "Why, I thought you two were on the most friendly terms." Well, we used to be; but we've exchanged servants."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed in consternation, "surely not, doctor!" "Yes," said he, "you are certainly threatened with scarlet fever." "What shall I do, what shall I do?" she moaned, in great distress. "Oh, doctor, couldn't you throw it into some other kind of fever? Scarlet is so trying to my complexion."

A WESTERN boy thought his mother was praying overlong the other morning, and he said: "Oh, mother! there's a hawk over the hens." The old lady brought her devotions to a poultry standard of measurement in double-quick time and sprang to her feet with Amen! Out wid yees Thomas, and save thim hins."

THE ancient jibe against the young lady who was only "Piscopal pious," is now matched by the story of the interesting stranger at camp-meeting, who replied to the usual question asked by a young apostle of the emotional school: "My dear young friend, have you got religion?" "Oh, no, indeed, thank you, I'm a Presbyterian."

SOME German Socialists recently got hold of a soldier, and treated him to a large quantity of beer. When the man was well primed, he was asked if, in the event of a revolution, he would fire on the people. "Never!" answered the soldier, and more "bocks" were ordered. The question "Why would you not fire?" was then asked. "Because I have no rifle; I belong to the band," was the reply.

MATTER OF FACT CRITICISM.

The following is deliciously true:

A student of human nature who attended a popular concert yesterday afternoon was filled with joy and wonder by the display of learning made by two ladies sitting behind him. The student did not know a great deal about music, though he felt reasonably sure of telling the difference between a funeral march and a galop, and consequently he drank in with great avidity the free instruction which came from behind him. The conversation began when Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture was half played.

"How funny! Do you hear anything of the flute?"

"Not a thing."

"Well, if I had been writing an overture about a flute I would have made the instrument more prominent."

"So would I; but just look at the fur on that woman's cloak!"

"Isn't it lovely?"

"Yes; I wonder how much it cost."

"What, the overture?"

"No, the fur."

"Oh, I meant the music."

"Oh, yes, of course."

By and by the orchestra began Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette." It begins with a tutti passage ending with a crash on the cymbals. The two ladies jumped.

"My goodness! That don't sound like a funeral march, does it?"

"That's what's on the programme."

"Well, the man must have died suddenly."

The band played Weber's "Invitation a la Valse." The rapid loud passage which precedes the soft and gentle close deceived the audience. They thought the piece was ended and applauded. Then when the music continued, they were surprised.

That's just like Theodore Thomas. He's always trying to do something smart. He did that on purpose, I know he did. See him laugh! I knew he was trying to be smart. He just thinks he has done it, now!"—Key-Note.

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**MAJOR AND MINOR.**

JOLLY C. T. Sisson, who seems to be getting younger as his hair grows grayer, was in St. Louis the second week in January, and made the REVIEW office his headquarters, or rather, as he called it, his "loafing place." Sisson, however, loafed but little, for even when he sleeps it is with one eye open to business.

A. W. KELLY, teacher of music at Fostoria Academy, writes us, in date of January 14, that they receive all the leading musical publications in the United States (mentioning them by name,) and that "with all candor, we must say the REVIEW is the finest paper of the kind in the market, both as to music and reading matter, especially the music." That is exactly what we think.

THERE is, at Shattinger's a new Kranich & Bach Upright No. 3, in a case of unstained rosewood, which is "a thing of beauty" and should therefore be "a joy forever" to some one. The tone of the instrument is also remarkably fine. We understand that the case was made as it is at the suggestion of Mr. Shattinger. It was certainly a good suggestion, and well carried out.

MR. EDWIN CHILD MILLER, one of the stalwart sons of Mr. Henry F. Miller, the famous Boston piano manufacturer, was married on January 30th to Miss Ida Louise Farr, one of Boston's choicest maidens. The REVIEW regrets that it could not be present at the wedding, as requested by the kind invitation of the bride's mother, Mrs. Everts W. Farr, but it sends its best wishes and its congratulations.

At last, the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* has recognized the necessity of having a musical critic, and has appointed Mr. Sam. F. Cary to that position. We congratulate the *Globe-Democrat* upon its judicious move in this matter. Mr. Cary is evidently conscientious, painstaking and possessed of the necessary knowledge to make respectable a department of the paper which has been hitherto practically non-existent. The thanks of the musical public of St. Louis are due the G.-D. for its recognition of their interests.

It will horrify our trans-Atlantic neighbors to hear that their pet tragedian, Henry Irving, must have thoughts of turning organ-grinder, for on the very first day of his arrival in St. Louis he strolled into the store of J. L. Peters, and after grinding out a lot of music on the "tornaphone" purchased one of these delightful (?) instruments, and ordered it sent to his room at the Southern Hotel. Hank as an organ-grinder and the fair (?) Ellen as a street-singer would be a novelty in London.

We admit, says the *American Art Journal*, that the American eagle is apt to scream too loudly at times in its enthusiasm for infant industries. Yet we have a number of first-class violin makers, brass instrument manufacturers, a hand-organ factory, several great organ-builders, etc., while the best Turkish cymbals used in this country are made by Lebrun in St. Louis. Heaven forbid that our citizens should ever be led by their patriotism to enter upon the manufacture of the German accordion or Swiss music-box.

"He held in his arms Music (heavenly made) herself, and embraced and caressed her. Now he seemed to pat her or to stroke her soothingly, or clasped her in his arms, and once or twice, we think, he tickled her; but whenever he touched her he evoked sweet sounds, whether it was under the chin, about the throat, with delicate fingers, or when he flung his arms passionately around her waist." It was Herr Remenyi, out in Michigan, who behaved in this scandalous manner, and who, according to the local critic just quoted, "looks the gifted, cultured artist and gentleman he is, and he plays as if he had a soul at least seventy-five feet high."

THE works of many celebrated painters present some remarkable blunders. Tintoret's painting of "The Children of Israel Gathering Manna," represents them armed with guns. In Verrio's "Christ Healing the Sick" the lookers-on wear peri-wigs. Albert Durer painted "The Expulsion of Adam and Eve by an Angel" in a dress trimmed with flounces. The same painter in the picture of "Peter Denying Christ" has a Roman soldier enjoying a pipe of tobacco. A dutch picture of "Abraham Offering up his Son" represents him holding a blunderbuss at Isaac's head. In a French painting of "The Lord's Supper" the table is ornamented with glasses filled with cigar lighters.

ROSE CZILAG, who probably created the greatest operatic sensation Vienna has ever known, was as *chic* and wayward as Aimee whose artistic wickedness knew no bounds. Upon her farewell night in Vienna, several years prior to her arrival in America in broken down condition, she had the misfortune to lose her skirts, but her genius which never deserted her came promptly to the rescue, and as quick as lightning she kicked the garment over the head of the double bass man in the orchestra, created astounding enthusiasm, and went on with the opera. The amazement and surprise of the directors of the *Hof Theatre* was not only seen by the expression of their eyes, but also the canceling of the prima donna's engagement. The great Czilag was never permitted to sing there again.

THE *Stadt Theater*, at Leipzig, built in 1868, cost altogether \$419,200. The *Court Theatre*, at Dresden, which was burnt down and which was built between 1838 and 1841, cost \$305,670; and the present theatre which took from 1871 to 1873 to build, cost \$1,075,000. The *Theatre du Chatelet* in Paris, built between 1860 and 1862, cost \$685,000. The *Comic Opera House*, in Vienna, built between 1872 and 1874, cost \$418,500. The *Theatre Lyrique*, in Paris, built between 1860 and 1862, cost \$449,500. The *Imperial Opera House* in Vienna, which took from 1861 to 1863 to build, cost \$2,700,000. Finally, the *Grand Opera*, in Paris, the building of which occupied from 1861 to 1875, cost \$8,000,000.

To form an adequate idea of the amounts actually expended upon these structures, Americans must remember that the purchasing power of money in European countries is much greater than in the United States.



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JOE Tasso used to tell of a performer he once had as bass viol in his orchestra. Matthieu, the delicate-eared exquisite French musician, was leading and Joe was playing second. They had got some glorious pieces from the old German masters, but when they struck up, poor Matthieu looked as if a flea was on his back. As they progressed, the thing grew worse and worse. Matthieu screwed and squirmed, until his face looked like one of the pictures in "Fox's Book of Martyrs." He could not stand it; he halted midway to see whose instrument was out of tune; but lo! upon trial, everybody was in unison, and off they went again; but scarcely were they under way, when poor Matthieu exhibited an agony as if some person had pricked him with a pin cushion full of pins in the middle of his stomach. The cause could not be found out, until coming round to the bass, they found he had taken all the flats and sharps in his part and scratched them off of his score!!

Birds are taught to sing tunes in the town of Fulda, Germany, where they keep educational institutions for bullfinches. They place the young birds in classes of six or ten each, and keep them in the dark, turning a little hand-organ for them when they are fed. Finally the birds commence to associate the music with the feeding, and when hungry they commence to sing a few notes of the tune they hear daily. Those who do this are at once placed in a more cheerful room, when light is admitted. This encourages them, and makes them more lively; then they like to sing and are taught more. The most difficult part is the starting of the birds, some of which have to be kept a long time in the dark and on starvation rations, before their obstinacy is overcome. In order to teach several tunes, they receive, after being taught in classes, private instructions from the little boys of Fulda, each of whom has a few private pupils of this sort. Their education lasts nine months, when it is completed, and the birds sent into the world as accomplished performers. The principal markets are London, Paris, New York and Boston. They are valued in Europe at twenty dollars for every tune they sing.

PROF. H. S. PERKINS, of Chicago is organizing an excursion across the continent upon a novel plan. We give the following extract from his preliminary circular for the benefit of those of our readers who might like to take a transcontinental trip in good company. We see no reason why the trip should not be a success in every respect. "This is," says Mr. Perkins, "the first time that arrangements were ever perfected whereby the singers of the country could unite as a chorus, give musicals and concerts en route, and visit all points of interest from the ATLANTIC to the PACIFIC at a nominal cost, and in charge of experienced conductors."

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Third. A limited number received, not singers, who desire to accompany their more musical friends, or the party; all such to have the benefit of reduced rates.

Fourth. First-class accommodations, including Pullman sleepers.

Fifth. All members of the party to pay the estimated cost of the trip, on the basis of the lowest excursion rates, and the singers to receive reimbursements from the net proceeds of the concerts, etc., which may be given en route.

The Time. To start from Chicago about the middle of April, and three or four days earlier from Boston, New York and other eastern points, the entire trip to occupy from 50 to 60 days.

The Route. From Chicago through Kansas, New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California to San Francisco, visiting all places of special interest, including Las Vegas, Hot Springs and Santa Fe. N. M.; Tucson, Arizona, Los Angeles, San Gabriel, Sierra Madra Villa and the immense orange orchards of Southern California; to San Jose, Monterey, Oakland, San Francisco and its beautiful surroundings. Returning by the Central Pacific and the Denver & Rio Grande Ry. (the greatest scenic route in the United States, or perhaps in the world), visiting Stockton, Sacramento, Cal.; Reno, Nevada; Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah; Leadville, Pueblo, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, and Denver, Col., etc., etc. The distance will cover over 8,000 miles. This is only a brief outline of the tour. A prospectus containing all particulars in detail will soon be issued and mailed free to any address upon application. Persons receiving this advanced circular will oblige by sending the names and addresses, in full of all such musical people, or otherwise, to whom they would like to have the prospectus furnished, and at their very earliest convenience to the undersigned. Address

H. S. PERKINS,
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A PROOF THAT THE ENGLISH KNOW NOTHING ABOUT MUSIC.

Looking over an old book one of our musical friends recently found the following anecdote of Beethoven, related by one Dr. Alfred Julius Beecher, which is well worth perusal: Beethoven had received the most flattering proofs of distinction from England. He found himself one day in a hotel (the Golden Lamb) at Vienna, and observed several musical and literary men talking in a very animated manner. He asked what was going on.

"These gentlemen maintain that the English neither know how to compose nor estimate good music," replied Mayseder; "but I am of another opinion."

Beethoven answered sarcastically: "The English have bespoken several compositions of mine for their concerts, and have sent me handsome remuneration for them. The Germans, with the exception of the Viennese, are only now beginning to appreciate me, and the French find my music beyond their powers of performance. Accordingly, it is as clear as day that the English know nothing about music! Is it not so? Ha! ha! ha! He laughed heartily and the dispute came to an end. What Beethoven referred to was the London Philharmonic Society, for which he wrote the C minor symphony.—*American Art Journal.*

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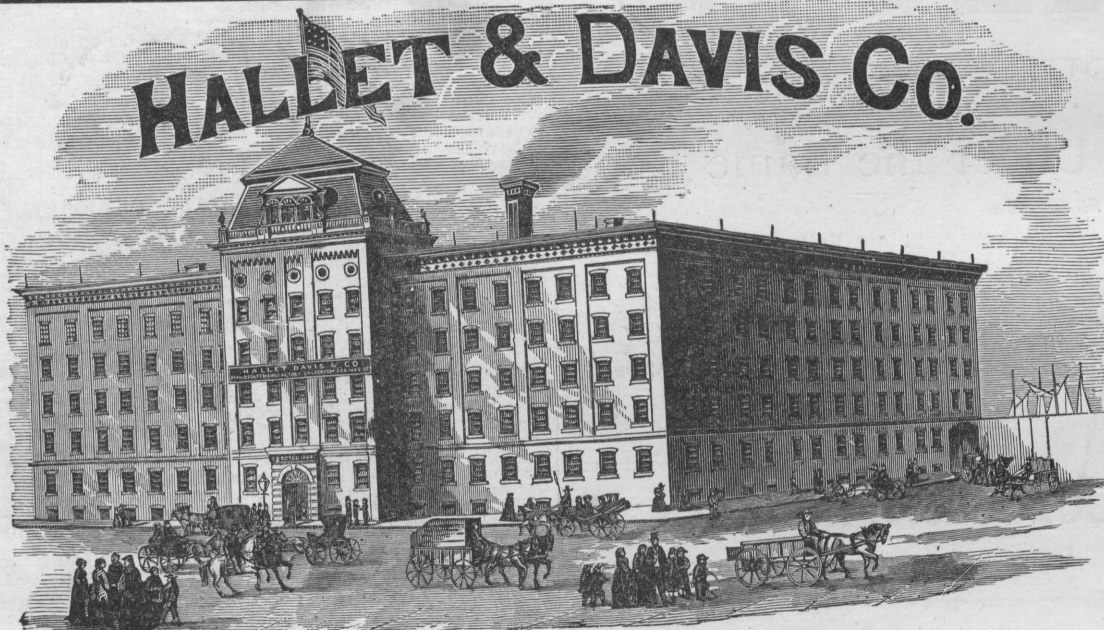
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SMITH AND JONES.

Smith—Whither now, Jones?
Jones—Going to buy tickets for the opera—she wants to go, you know. And by the way Smith, you have been there, so just tell me how genteel people should behave. I'm a little green, you know.
Smith—Well, you go to the opera to enjoy yourself, ergo, enjoy yourself regardless of the comfort of others.
Jones—Well?
Smith—Take your note-book and jot down the rules I'll give you. They are deductions from the actions of the "upper ten."
Jones—Ready!
Smith—Rule 1. Come late. From twenty to twenty-five minutes after the performance has begun is a good time to enter. When you wish to put on extra style you may be forty-five minutes late. Only common people, such as do not part their hair in the middle, are expected to be on time.
Jones—Well that's down!
Smith—Rule 2. Part your hair in the middle and see to it that your lady wears "idiot fringes" and the largest hat imaginable. Perhaps you might dispense with the center parting, your natural expression being sufficiently—innocent.
Jones—What next?
Smith—Rule 3. Talk as much as possible. Be sure you talk most of things you know least about. Compare the singers with all those you have never heard. Occasionally gush over some bit of singing—no matter what—and help the lady to gush. You may occasionally keep time with your feet and hum a few bars with or in advance of the *prima donna*.
Jones—Got it all down!
Smith—Rule 4. Finally, understand that the last act of an opera was never meant to be heard, except by musicians and other common people, who have no rights which fashionables are bound to respect; so when the last act is well under way, pick up your traps and sail majestically off. If your boots are "squeaky" so much the better.
Jones—Is that all?
Smith—Well, there are other rules, but these will do for once; if you follow these you will surely be thought one of the *creme de la creme*.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL MUSIC THE RUIN OF CHILDREN'S VOICES.

HERE is a great deal of practical common sense in the following communication to the *American Art Journal*. We commend it to the attention of those of our readers who are interested in the subject.

If there is any class of men who deserve condemnation it is those who write music for the Sunday-schools, the great bulk of which is neither suitable for children nor adults. It is as unreasonable to ask the children to sing nine-tenths of our so-called Sunday-school music as it would be to ask them to do their parents' work or wear their parents' clothes. As the most of the Sunday-schools are arranged there is no classification for singing, and the children from five to ten years of age are expected to sing the same songs, and at the same pitch and compass, as those who are older, and whose voices have developed with their bodies. The result is that the little ones try to sing just as loudly as the older ones, and in this way strain their voices until they are ruined beyond any hope of nature's ever reclaiming them. The great majority of children's voices are ruined between the ages of five and ten years. The music they are allowed to sing has far too great a compass, and they are allowed to sing, not with the tiny sweet voice of the child, which corresponds with their little bodies, but with a force and compass altogether out of proportion.

Unless this wholesale butchery of children's voices is stopped, the future singers will be few. Our Sunday-school music should be written for the children, and within the natural compass of their voices. The adult members of the school should either not be allowed to sing at all, or be made to sing in such a manner as not to lead the children to try to imitate their voices in power. Either this should be done or the school should be divided into at least two divisions, and suitable music provided for each. Such a division would not only do much to protect the little voices but afford many opportunities for the composer to write responsive music for the two divisions which would be made both instructive and pleasant.

There are few church congregations in this country who can supply 20 good voices for a chorus choir. This sad condition of things is not for the want of musical talent, but for the want of good voices.

Those who are well-informed in regard to children know that nature has supplied the voices, but imprudent singing of unsuitable music has ruined them. The Sunday-school is doing more than its share of the harm, and our writers of Sunday-school music are largely responsible. W. F. HEATH.

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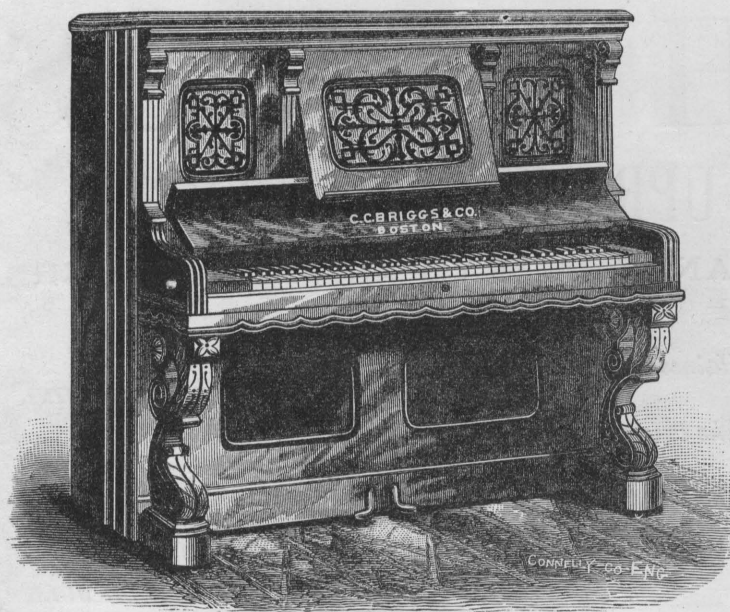
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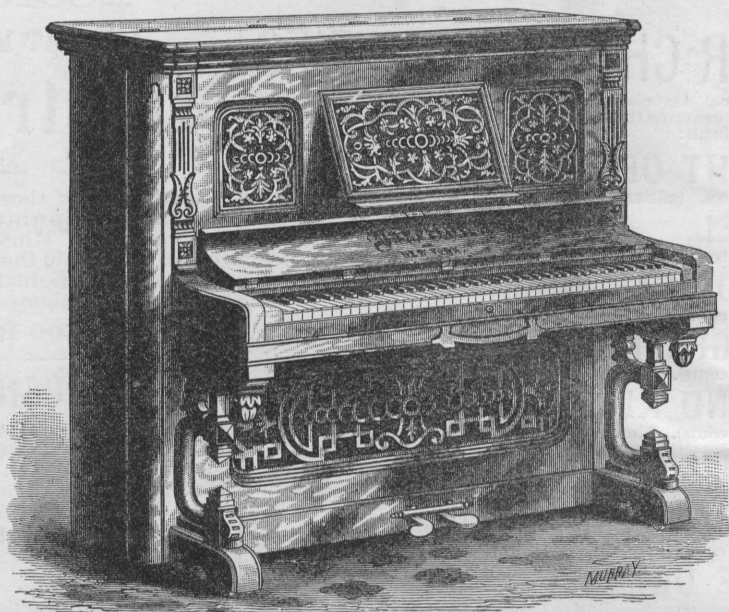
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